

THE LITERARY GAZETTE,

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 488.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

PRICE 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Gaston de Blondville; or, the Court of Henry III. keeping Festival in Ardenne: a Romance. St. Alban's Abbey; a Metrical Tale: with some Poetical Pieces. By Anne Radcliffe, Author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Romance of the Forest," &c. &c. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, with Extracts from her Journals. 4 vols. post 8vo. London, 1826. Colburn.

THE announcement of a new romance by the finest writer in this kind of fiction that ever existed, was a circumstance calculated to excite in a high degree the curiosity of the public. It has been already stated, "that *Gaston de Blondville* would have been published some years ago, had not the author's delicate temperament, arising from the state of her health (which declined soon after the completion of this romance), made her hesitate to plunge again into the bustle of literary competition, to which, indeed, she seems to have been always adverse; and being, especially in the latter period of her life, in affluent circumstances, she could afford to indulge in the leisure and privacy she so much loved." The death of this celebrated authoress took place in 1823; and for several years before that period, the actual fact of her existence was a problem to thousands, over whose imaginations she had ruled with the sway of an enchantress. That her power was once more to be exercised—that she was to evoke another high and solemn phantasy—that we were again to wonder at her mysteries, and to thrill beneath her terrors—was an event as little to be expected as the fulfilment of Milton's wish to

"Call up that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

Mrs. Radcliffe is confessedly at the head of her class; and the spell by which she commands the sympathies of her readers is not derived from circumstances of overwhelming pathos, from the actual presence of horrible events, or the use of supernatural terrors; but its origin is in the employment of materials of which she so well understands the full use. Silence, obscurity, and loneliness—a large and deserted chamber, with its crumbling furniture, in an old castle—an imperfect hint of deeds in by-gone years—a picture—a drop of blood on a turret-staircase—a dim corridor—even a piece of faded tapestry—become appalling things in her hands, and under her shadowy suggestions. The imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe is also more refined, if not more poetical, than that of most other writers in this school; and it is a singular characteristic of her genius, that even in the wildest of her inventions she never loses her tendency to indulge in moral precepts, which, in her pages, are not only of the purest, but of the most practical kind. Her prudence in this respect, it must be confessed, does detract a little from the grace of her heroines, with whom we should, moreover, be better pleased if they did not weep so much—the

constant habit of which must have made them look old before their time. A few tears are all very well, and even beautiful, as time may serve; but to be always shedding them, let the occasion be of what character it may, puts one beyond all patience. With this slight exception, there is nothing affected or morbid in the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe; and the power which she exercises over the imagination of her readers, absolute as it is, never tends to enervate or bewilder. The impression left on the sense after a perusal of her works, is, in general, allied to melancholy; but then it is of a healthful nature, meditative rather than gloomy, and the mind of the reader is exalted, as with a religious feeling. We know not whether it is on this account, but it has always appeared to us that Mrs. Radcliffe produces a more permanent effect by her sweetness and pensiveness than by her terror. For instance, Montoni has but a feeble hold upon you, except at the moment you are engaged in reading about him; and you are inclined on closing *The Italian*, to suspect that even Schedoni, inscrutable and fiendish as he appears, might have been baffled, if not defeated, by a manly resistance. But who can ever forget the melancholy history of La Motte's poor family and their desolate seclusion, in *The Romance of the Forest*—or the tender sweetness of parts of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*? Such, for instance, as the account of St. Aubert's tranquil enjoyments on the banks of the Giarome—the adventure of Emily in the fishing-house—the journey across the Pyrenees, and the first meeting with Valancourt—the halt in the forest, and the moonlight festival near La Voisin's cottage, where St. Aubert stops to die—the mysterious music, supposed to be connected with his destiny, which sounds at midnight among the leaves in that secluded place—the return of Emily to La Vallée, after the loss of her parents—the escape from Udolpho with Du Pont; his confession touching some of the mysteries in the castle, and his declaration of love to his desolate companion—the mournful incidents at Château-le-Blanc, which give, as it were, a mysterious and a "pale reflex" of the great events which have gone before—and the serene tone of felicity with which the romance concludes.

Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions of natural scenery, though often too much drawn out, are also, to our taste, finer in their sweetness than in their grandeur, and leave behind them, on the mind, to endure for life, a soft and dream-like impression of Italian skies, deep forests, solitary convents, and still lakes, over which the choral chant of monks is heard in the quiet of dawn or midnight.

But our present business is not so much to analyse the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe, as to give an account of her posthumous romance; and, independently of this reason, we should feel disinclined to the former task, after reading the masterly and eloquent criticism which forms a portion of the memoir of her life and writings prefixed to the present publication.

Gaston de Blondville—the scene of which is laid in England in the early part of the thirteenth century—is considerably shorter than *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, *The Italian*, or *The Romance of the Forest*: it is also much less complicated in its plot and characters. Indeed, Mrs. Radcliffe seems to have written her last work, as Lord Byron produced his dramas, in compliance with the laws of the unities: but while this simplicity will disappoint the mere romance-reader, or hunter after horrors, the more intellectual reader will not fail to be struck with the beauty of the composition, and the admirable management of the story of Gaston. As a piece of writing, we do not hesitate to say that it is, to our taste, much finer than the other works of the author; and instead of giving evidence, as has been pre-supposed, of a falling off in her faculties, it furnishes a decided testimony of their improvement. Nothing, indeed, can surpass her sketches of the soft and sylvan coast in Warwickshire, to a small spot of which the whole of the narrative is confined. *Gaston de Blondville* is, in fact, another tale of Kenilworth, giving an account of the lofty doings and strange events which occurred in that castle between three and four hundred years before it became the theatre of the memorable actions recorded in Sir Walter Scott's romance.

After an introduction, which supposes two travellers of the present day on a visit to the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, where they meet a person of whom they buy an old illuminated manuscript, "changed out of the Norman tongue, by Grynbold, monk of Saint Marie Priory, in Killingworth," the tale of Gaston (which is the subject of the old MS.) commences with a splendid description of the arrival at the castle of King Henry III. and his train. The monarch is familiarly accompanied by a gay, noble-looking youth, Sir Gaston de Blondville, the hero, upon whom, as a mark of his special favour, his highness is going to bestow the hand of a young lady of rank, and the marriage solemnity is to take place during the king's festival at Kenilworth. As the procession is passing under the castle gates, an unknown individual rushes from the crowd, and, with a frantic gesture, calls out for justice on the head of Sir Gaston, whom he denounces as a robber and a murderer! Having made this startling charge, the accuser faints away, and is borne off. To the investigation of this mystery the attention of the reader is rivetted through the whole romance, and many are the strange things which arise as it is unravelled. In the first volume there is introduced a wild and dreary metrical legend, which shadows forth the whole subject. From this we give a specimen.

"Over the high western woods afar
Shone some lights of yesterday;
There came bright but trembling stars
Through the streaky shadows lay—
The traveller's lonely warning.
But soon the winds, that sing day's dirge, and after
That o'er that star the shadows urge,
And hang the night with mourning!"

"What steps on the waste are beating?"
He listened not long on the ground,
Ere he fearfully heard a sound
As of trampling hoofs retreating,
And a dismal cry and a foot draw nigh;
"Stand ho!" 'twas an armed man pass'd by;
But he spoke no sound of greeting,
And seem'd like a death-shade fleeing.

"O'er the lone mountains riding,
He gallop'd by gloomsome ways,
Where night mists were riding
Round the witch of evil days;
Her name is written on the wind
That speaks in cliffs and caves confined:
List there when the waning moon goes down,
And thou'lt hear the call her spirits own;
But as they pass hold a crystal glass,
Or thou'lt sorely rue the wild witch-tone.

"O'er the lone mountains riding,
From a distant land he came,
No step his dark step guiding;
But he thought he saw a flame,
That bright or dim would sport awhile,
Then vanish as in very guile:
He heard, as he pass'd, the witch-name sound,
And his startled steel, at a single bound,
Bore him away from that evil ground.

"But o'er the mountains pacing
As fast as he can flee,
Strange steps his steps are tracing,
And a shape he cannot see;
And though he flee away, so prest,
Whether to north, or south, or west,
Toward the past or coming day,
(So dim the night he may not say)—
Still off by fits and gleams
A corpse-light, all unknown to him.

"He follow'd the light o'er deserts wide,
Down in deep glens where wild becka wail;
He follow'd by darken'd forest side;
He follow'd with dread, though link'd in mail—
Till it stayed before an iron gate,
Where battle turrets kept their state,
O'er towers so high and many strong.
They seemed to giant-kings belong.

"Sir Adomar look'd him all around;
Direct on turret hung on high,
Shaping black lines on the dim sky:
Sir Adomar look'd him all around;
Nought save this castle could he spy,
Though heavily clang'd a death-bell's sound;
And in each pause of the shattering blast,
Mimes were heard as of one from 'neath the ground!

"He struck on the gate with his good sword:
"Ho! wardour, oh! but never a word
Return'd the wardour from within:
"The storm is loud, the night is dark,
I hear from the woods the dog-wolf bark.
Up, wardour, up! it were a sin
To turn a traveller from your tower,
At such a lone and dreary hour:
A banner would let me in."

In this romance, Mrs. Radcliffe has abandoned the principle to which she confined herself in her former works, and has taken advantage of *ghostly aid*. A spectre is introduced as a principal agent in the awful plot of *Gaston de Blondville*; and we venture to anticipate that this unearthly being will be pronounced one of the most solemn creatures in the language. The following passages will give the reader some idea of its appearances in the present tale:—

"The king had given back the cup into the hands of the Lord Norfolk, and was resting him in his chair, when he saw the curtain drawn back of that window which opened from his own chamber upon the gallery of arms, and a person standing there. While his highness marvelled by what means any one could have admittance into that chamber, the keys being in the custody of the lord constable, the window was unfolded, and the person, advancing into the gallery, came forward to the front, and there stood still, and with great seeming confidence, beside the armour of Richard the Lion. Although the light that fell there from the roof was not so strong that his highness at such distance could distinguish the countenance of this person, yet, by the gray gleam reflected there, he seemed to be clothed in steel, with helmet on his head, and so like was he to the form of King Richard, that he had not his highness seen him advance, and the real shape

of motionless armour standing by, he would have thought this but a figure for show, like the others there. The king, no less surprised by the strangeness of this appearance, than displeased by the boldness which had thus openly defied his command respecting that chamber, ordered an esquire to repair to the lord constable, who was himself in the hall, and learn whom he had admitted there. The baron, who stood by, looking whither the king looked, on a sudden changed countenance; and his highness again observed that stupor and dismay which he had noticed in the morning beginning to fix his eyes and to spread over every feature. The king spoke sharply to him, to rouse him, as was supposed, from his trance, but without effect, for he stood fixed and stiffened like to a marble statue, yet with looks bent on the gallery where the stranger stood.

"Now the king rose impatiently from his chair, with looks of anger, and was about to inquire who had invented this deception, when he perceived before him again, standing on the steps of the dais, that very figure, clad in arms, which had before appeared there; and he knew it for the likeness of that murdered knight whose fate he had just witnessed. There stood the raven on his helm, and there too, within its shade, appeared a countenance of deadly paleness, shrunk, and fixed somewhat angrily upon the king. His highness, for a while, stood petrified and with eyes amazed, as if he saw something that might not, with any endeavour, be understood; he seemed to strive for speech, and at last faintly uttered, 'Who art thou? and what is thy errand?' Then, the knight pointing with his sword to the Baron de Blondville, who stood, trance-bound, beside the king's chair, his eyes glared, and a terrible frown came over his face. The archbishop made the holy sign, as he had already done, this night before, when the king had seen nothing strange near him; and then stood with arms extended on high. The figure still pointed with his sword to the baron. Again, the king vainly demanded of the stranger who he was? and receiving no answer, gave order that he should be seized. Then it was that the prior of St. Mary's, having approached the king, suddenly stepped forward to arrest the stranger, though such service pertained not much to him; but he might have spared his pains; for, where he would have seized upon the stranger, he eluded his grasp, and stood afar off in the hall; and the prior, struck with dismay, attempted not to pursue him."

The prior mentioned in the last quotation is a dark and satanic character, reminding one of some of Mrs. Radcliffe's most fearful delineations. There is one scene in particular—where he tempts the imprisoned accuser of Gaston to trust himself to his guidance, with a pretended view to his escape, in order that he might betray him to a more certain fate—which we wish we could find room to lay before our readers. But we must quote the account of a striking event which occurred during the interminable wanderings through the subterranean mazes of the castle.

"The merchant followed down a very long flight of steps, ending in a passage, which he supposed lay under the fosse. Here the air was so changed by an unwholesome vapour, that it was painful to breathe it; and the lamp burned so dimly at times, that he feared it would expire. The prior often stopped to nurse the flame, and once, as he lifted the lamp high, and it revived, his garment flew back, and Woodreeve now saw, beyond all possibility of doubt,

a dagger at his girdle. His eyes were fixed upon it, till his conductor saw that he observed it; and then, laying his hand upon the hilt, he said, 'In times like these, every one should be somewhat armed.' But now another object had seized the attention of the merchant, and he stood in horror. In drawing forth the dagger, his companion had turned aside his vesture, and, behold! a chain of gold hung about his neck, which, from its ponderous and highly wrought ornaments, Woodreeve instantly thought was the very chain worn by his kinsman at the time of his death; and he doubted not, that in the prior he saw one of his assassins. A sort of amulet box was suspended to the chain, but of that he had no recollection. At this conviction, he lost all presence of mind, so that he foresaw not how much he might hasten his peril, and lessen his chance, if there were any, of finally avoiding it, in betraying his thoughts to the prior, whose revenge might be accomplished in such a place without danger, as it appeared, from any human means of discovery. He seized the lamp, and, holding it close to the chain, cried out, 'It is the same—there are the very links, that shape—the initials of his name.' 'Of whose name?' said the prior, eagerly; and as he spoke, Woodreeve recollected the voice of the very robber to whom he had delivered up his own treasure. The prior, still without having changed his voice, repeated the question. 'Of my unfortunate kinsman,' answered Woodreeve; 'I now know you.' Instantly the discovered ruffian, without one word, drew the dagger from the imperfect grasp which Woodreeve had of it, and upraised his hand with a fierce and deadly intention; but the blow descended not: the poniard fell from his hand, and his eyes seemed fixed upon some object beyond. 'The poor merchant, who for an instant had been motionless and confounded with terror, seeing this, gathered courage, and turned to discover what held his enemy in this trance; but nothing could he perceive save the dusky avenue. Then, losing not another moment, he fled, with the lamp, along that unknown way; but he had neglected to seize the dagger, which had fallen on the ground, and might easily have been made a weapon for himself. He followed the avenue till his breath failed, and he was compelled to stop; but, soon thinking he heard steps behind him, he again went on, and, flying for very life, hope and fear supplied him with strength. He had now gone a great length of way without having discovered any thing like an outlet, and he rested again for breath, and to revive his failing lamp. He listened, and, though he heard no footsteps in pursuit, he remembered the soundless steps with which his treacherous conductor had, this night, passed along several chambers, and he was not convinced that he was distant, though unheard. The intenseness with which he listened for any remote or lone sound seemed to sharpen his sense of hearing—like as the seaman's sight discovers things so small and distant as are unseen of others. Thus now, while Woodreeve listened, he thought he heard—not footsteps, but a little strain of music, so faint and fleeting, it was more like the moonlight shadow of a fleecy cloud that glides along the hills, and fades ere you can say it is, than any certain truth. It served, however, at first, to revive his hopes; he judged it came from without the castle walls; but then, perhaps, from soldiers on their watch, and if so, his deliverance could not be nigh. Still, as his only hope lay that way, he hastened forward, and presently he again thought he heard music. He

stopped, and no longer doubted this; the sound was nearer, and he gradually distinguished a faint, solemn swell of voices and instruments. As he advanced, they sunk and were lost awhile, and then a high and long-continued strain of many mingling voices was heard. Soon after, it sunk away at a distance, and he heard it no more. But now he fancied steps were coming behind him, and, quickening his own, he came to a bend of the avenue, and espied a door which seemed to close its dreary length. Three massive bars secured it; but there was also a lock. While he stood before it, and looked back on the long sloping avenue, almost as far as his lifted lamp could throw its blunted rays, he heard no sound of either step or breath from within, or from without that door, nor saw the prior advancing through that dim way behind him. The bolts gave way to Woodreeve's returned strength, and even the lock did not long resist. Already he thought he felt the fresh air from without the castle walls; but, opening the door, he stepped not out upon a platform of grass, or under the boughs of the free forest; he stepped upon a little winding stair, that went up a turret, as he verily believed, of another tower—some out-post of the castle. At this, his heart sunk nigh to fainting; for how should he escape detection from those who guarded it, and whose voices he now thought he heard singing, in dreary chorus, on their night-watch. Having considered a moment, to his little purpose, for he had no choice but to go on, he went up the stair, and came to another door. He listened for awhile, but all within was still, and he undrew the bolt that held it, and would have stepped forward, but was baffled by what he thought a curtain that hung before it. In this he deceived himself: it was the tapestry of a chamber. Perceiving this, he stopped again, before he lifted it, to consider how best he might disclose himself, if any one were within; but all being silent, he ventured to lift the arras, and found himself in a great arched chamber. A lamp was burning near a reading-desk; but no person appeared, and he looked round with a mixture of terror and curiosity, still holding up the arras with one hand, and with the other his lamp, to survey the limits of the room; and he still kept one foot on the threshold-step, as ready to retreat on the first alarm. At length, perceiving that he was indeed alone in this chamber, he let the hangings drop, and ventured forward in search of an outlet, through which to escape; but he saw none. The walls were covered with tapestry, which concealed whatsoever doors might be within them, and presented in colours various good deeds. A large oriel-window of fretted stone-work rose in sharp arches, closed with glass, stained in a mosaic of divers rich colours, like unto those in the great church of the city of Cologne in Germany. This window shewed also the emblazoned arms of Geoffrey de Clinton, with many a golden rule in scroll-work and labels on the glass. All this Woodreeve espied, while, with his lamp in hand, he searched around for some outlet to depart by. It seemeth not expedient to set down here all the objects he saw in this chamber; suffice it to say, it was an oratory, and the histories on the tapestry, and all the furniture, were such as are meet for such a place. On a table lay divers folios, well bossed with silver; among them was *Matthew of Westminster* and the *Golden Legend*. An arm-chair with purple cushions stood by the reading-desk, on which lay open a copy of the venerable Bede, and a Missal beside it, freshly illuminated. At all he saw, his mind misgave

him that this was some chamber, not of the castle, but of the priory; and if so, whither could he turn, to flee from destruction? His eye again glancing round the walls, he observed a part of the tapestry enclosed in a kind of frame-work different from any other part of the arras; and hoping there might be a door behind this, he was advancing towards it, when he heard a rustling sound in another part of the chamber, and turning, beheld the arras lifted, and the prior himself standing in the same arch through which he had entered. His countenance was livid and malicious, and he held in his hand the dagger he had dropped in the avenue. Hardly did Woodreeve cast a look behind him, but, rushing towards that frame-work, he found it held a door, which opened upon a vaulted passage of the priory, ending in a cloister. As he fled, he turned to see whether his pursuer advanced, and observed him standing at the great door of the chamber, making sign for his return, as if, after having let that dagger and that murderer's look be seen, it were possible to lure him back again."

We must now be brief with our remaining quotations; and limit ourselves to the last interview between the spectre and the king.

"He had risen to discover whether any person was in his chamber, where there had been that appearance of some one passing; he saw a gleam of light, like unto the glistening of Richard's sword, yet neither substance nor shape there. Again and nearer that light appeared, and did not vanish immediately, as before, and before it faded it assumed a form and countenance; and the king again perceived before him the stranger-knight. Having now lost all power to summon to him those who watched without, his highness only heard these words, 'The worm is my sister!' The king, gasping in breathless terror, said, 'What art thou? wherefore art thou come?' The voice answered, 'Give me rest—the worm is my sister: the mist of death is on me!' The king again said, 'Wherefore dost thou come?' to which the phantom answered, 'Give me rest!' 'How may that be?' 'Release an innocent man.' 'How may I know him to be such?' said the king. 'By the sword of justice, that lies before thee. A knight-hospitaller was slain by that sword; it has, this day, slain his slayer, Gaston de Blondeville. The prior of St. Mary's was his accomplice. Punish the guilty: release the innocent. Give me rest!' The king, as was said, had now sufficiently recovered from his surprise, to demand proof of the prior's guilt, on which the vision answered, 'I will call up one who may no more deceive.' It is said that the king's courage here failed, and he called out, 'Forbear!' 'Recall your warrant, then,' demanded the spectre solemnly, 'ere it be too late to save an innocent man.' At that moment the matin bell sounded. 'My time is short,' said the vision; 'if he perish for my sake, he shall not fall alone. Be warned!' While these words still vibrated on his ear, the king again heard the chant from the chapel, and knew that they were performing the second requiem. 'I am summoned,' said the vision; 'my bed is in darkness; the worm is my sister: yet my hope—' The king on looking up saw only the dim countenance of the knight; his form had disappeared; in the next moment, the face too had passed away. But who may speak the horror of the king, when in its place he beheld that of the baron, but as in death; an expression of solemnity and suffering overspread his visage; and the king heard the words, 'My guilt was my doom; I shall behold you no more. The prisoner is in-

nocent. The prior of St. Mary's is gone to his account. Be warned!' At these words, cold drops stood on the king's forehead, and his eyes remained fixed on the vacant air where the countenance of the baron had just appeared. At the same instant, these words of the distant requiem rose on his ear, 'I go unto the dark lane, that is covered with the mist of death,—a land of misery and darkness, where is the shadow of death, and no order. The eye of man may no more behold me.'"

The metrical tale, *St. Alban's Abbey*, is a story of the wars of York and Lancaster, with an episode introduced of deep and touching pathos. The following will give the reader an idea of the poetry.

"Where were his friends when he sunk low?
Knew they no strange presaging woe?
Ah, no! they talked, or laughed, or sang,
Unconscious of his dying pang:
No eye wept o'er his lowly bier;
The dew of heaven his only tear:
And sighs of eve alone were here,
Rustling the light leaves o'er his head,
As if they mourned the warrior dead;
Making his stillness seem more still,
More sad the shade of grove and hill.

"Here shall he rest till distant day,
In the deep forest's untrod way,
Coffined in steeled arms alone:
And, for carved sepulchre of stone,
And foliaged vault of choral-aisle,
The living oak, with darker smile,
Shall arch its broad leaves o'er his form—
Poor shroud and guard from sun and storm!
The woodlark shall his requiem sing,
Perched high upon his branchy tomb:
And every morn, though morn of Spring,
Shall o'er him spread a mournful gloom;
And every eve, at twilight pale,
His chantry-bird shall sweetly wail,
And glow-worms, with their watch-torch clear,
Wait mutely round his grassy bier,
Keeping aloof from his dark rest
Reptiles that haunt the hour unblest—
Till other morn her cold tear shed,
And 'baln aene' the soldier dead."

We have hardly had time to read the miscellaneous poetry contained in these interesting volumes with the attention we could wish to pay them. They seem to abound in the grace and tenderness which, as we have said, are among the most marked characteristics of the author. Here is a little poem, which we have selected at random, and which we doubt not will be popular at the family fireside.

December's Eve, at Home.

"Welcome December's cheerful night,
When the taper-lights appear—
When the piled hearth blazes bright,
And those we love are circled there!
"And on the soft rug basking lies,
Outstretched at ease, the spotted friend,
With glowing coat and half-shut eyes,
Where watchfulness and slumber blend.
"Welcome December's cheerful hour,
When books, with converse sweet combined,
And music's many-gifted power,
Exalt or soothe the awakened mind.
"Then let the snow-wind shriek aloud,
And menace oft the guarded ash,
And all his diaphanous crowd,
As o'er the frame his white wings dash.
"He sings of darkness and of storm,
Of icy cold and lonely ways;
But gay the room, the hearth more warm,
And brighter is the taper's blaze.
"Then let the merry tale go round,
And airy songs the hours deceive;
And let our heart-felt laughs resound,
In welcome to December's Eve!"

Of Mrs. Radcliffe's private journals, and of her personal history, as developed in the *Me-moir* prefixed to the present publication, we shall probably take an opportunity of speaking hereafter.

Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean; principally among the Islands of Archipelago, and in Asia Minor, &c. By the Rev. Charles Swan, Chaplain to H. M. S. Cambrian, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1826. Rivingtons.

OUR reverend Chaplain is not, in several points, unlike a predecessor of his, whose revived work has occupied some of our pages—we allude to Mr. Henry Teonge, a good humoured, free-spoken man of his time, and the author of an entertaining journal. Mr. Swan is already known to the public as a person of literary pursuits, by his Translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, and, as a divine, by his Sermons; and though there are some faults in the present work which we do not like, upon the whole, we cannot say that we like him less in his third character of Traveller, than we did in his two former characters of Classicus and Cassockus.

We will, in few words, mention the causes of our likes and dislikes above alluded to. We like the general fairness of the author's statements—we often dislike his manner of speaking of persons and things; we like his intelligence—we dislike his occasional pedantry; we like his impartiality in describing Greeks and Turks—we and we dislike his flippancy in describing Turks and Greeks, as well as other people and events, in too many instances. But when we make this latter remark, we must not be understood to use the word flippant in an impertinent sense—it is as it applies to writers imbued with certain peculiarities which are almost invariably the concomitants of English university education, that we employ it. These gentlemen, till they acquire some experience by collision with the world, are frequently distinguished by a certain contempt for abilities and talents that have not been cultivated in the same soil and by the same means with their own; and by other enemics, which time and a more general sphere of observation enable them to wear out; and then they become not only wiser, but more amiable in themselves, and more agreeable to the rest of their species. We regret to say that, though the worthy chaplain of the Cambrian has cruized about a good deal, and seen much of life, he does not seem yet to have entirely cast his college slough: and, as we never wish to find fault without reason, we shall adduce a brief proof from each of these volumes to shew what we object to.

"We returned to-day, and found that Suleiman Aga and his suite had been paying a visit to the Cambrian. Amongst the rest, the late Pacha of Scio, who to his other admirable qualities adds that of a confirmed drunkard, was present. He honoured Captain Hamilton with a kiss on each cheek. Such a mark of civility was a thing 'devoutly to be wished,' and, I doubt not, duly appreciated by our excellent captain! Indeed I cannot help shrewdly suspecting that the second salute was effected by stratagem; and that when he had been smacked upon one side, 'he turned to him the other also!'"—[This we deem flippant.]

"I prevailed with a man who was passing on an ass to give me the loan of it. This animal had neither saddle nor bridle, but a short piece of platted straw was twisted about his neck, just to intimate that he was to consider himself on duty. In this way we proceeded, at foot's pace, over barren but interesting mountains, smelling delightfully of the wild thyme; sometimes crossing deep ravines, and at others winding along their sides, with occasional glimpses of 'ocean, slumbering like an unweaned child,' and a sky above our heads as bright and as blue as Spenser's 'londe of Faerie.' The back of my ass was as sharp as a

razor, and, on a pinch, might have been substituted for one: the humane and soft-hearted reader will, therefore, easily imagine the sufferings that I endured."

Shaving with the back of an ass, appears to us to be a very assinine piece of wit. To get rid of all our complaints at once, we may also here, as well as any where else, quote an example or two of the pedantry.

"The current of time is frequently checked by the impediments and restraints of conscience; but it rushes on, rising higher and higher, till the opposing mound is swept away and hurried into the common vortex of oblivion. As pebbles in the stream are the penitentiary regrets of human life, there is a little additional bubble, a momentary *variance* of the waters of error, and then all flows on smooth and untroubled as before!"

"The clouds, which had long been collecting, seemed now to foretell an approaching storm; they swept along the base of the most considerable heights, and occasioned great dampness. Within an hour, the rain began, and it is hardly hyperbole to say, that *every drop poured a cataract*. I never yet witnessed such a deluge; and certainly I never wish to be again exposed to it in such a situation."

But with such unimportant drawbacks there is much of amusing reading, of good sense, and of information, in these volumes. They embrace a wide variety of scene and country, and treat of a multitude of stirring accidents by flood and field. Whether ranging on the seas, or penetrating into interesting situations on shore, Mr. Swan's relations are always lively and entertaining;—and men, manners, books, and antiquities, are all illustrated very pleasantly in his pages. To exemplify this, we leave Cadiz and Xeres behind us, leave Genoa and Naples on the left hand, and Malta and Greece on the right (all which places the author visited and subjected to observation), till we come for our first extract, back again, to Smyrna.

"Near Sedecui is a tumulus, which has not yet been explored; the French call it the tomb of Andramon; and they might as well call it the tomb of Jack the Giant Killer! Mr. Arundell, whose antiquarian research equals the friendliness of his manners, proposes, in quieter times, to investigate the tumulus in question, as well as an opposite mound about a mile distant. It gives me pleasure also to mention, that he has it in contemplation to communicate to the public the result of certain well-conducted inquiries relative to the ancient Christian churches of Asia. He has recovered several curious and valuable monuments, and from the ardour of his pursuit, united as it is with great discretion and judgment, I have no doubt but his object will be fully attained. We returned to Smyrna by Bougliah, otherwise called 'the English village,' from the number of its English inhabitants: it is about three miles from the city. A curious circumstance happened here a short time since: the lower floor of a large house has been converted into a chapel; a man, carrying a bowl of milk, stood accidentally beneath the doorway of the building, and a serpent, four or five feet long, allured by the smell of the milk, of which they are extremely fond, darted from the upper part of the door, and flung himself, like a necklace, around the throat of the poor fellow. The creature's head was dipped into the bowl, and one may well imagine the terror of his entertainer, and the little satisfaction which he would receive from the 'orient carcanet' with which he was decorated. Whether the serpent was

of a harmless description, which is most probable, or whether the man contrived, by a vigorous effort, to free himself from the uncourteous intruder, I did not hear; certain it is that he escaped without injury. I would add to this account, that many of the tales of the *Gesta Romanorum*, and of other books of that class, are founded upon the propensity of serpents for milk; and this very circumstance, perhaps, is no small proof of their Eastern origin."

Here our friends were feasted at his country house by Suleiman Aga.

"The aga's dwelling being but a short distance from the town, we were soon there, passing in the way the river Meles, over which a bridge, called the *Caravan Bridge*, has been thrown, adjacent to a fine grove of cypress. A magnificent band welcomed our arrival! It was composed of three fiddles, a dulcimer, a triangle, and an oaten pipe;—I need not say what the music was like! Dismounting in the area of the building, we ascended by a flight of steps, and were ushered into a long hall, of which a square basin of water formed the centre; along its sides, pillars, imitative of marble, supported a gilded roof. To the left, where the aga and his retinue waited to receive us, the floor was raised and boarded, and was partly enclosed by a marble balustrade: a low sofa (or divan), covered with printed cotton, ran on each side, that is to say, at the end and on two adjoining sides; the fourth was open, looking toward the basin, and a similar place in the opposite portion of the building. A large glass chandelier was suspended at each end; and the ceiling, as well as the wainscot, was painted in tolerably good style. On each side of the first-mentioned part was a little chamber, secured by a door, and in one of these, to the right of the entrance, the aga was sitting upon an English fire-place of well-executed marble. All the rooms were painted. The further end of the building (which, as I have already hinted, was open, affording an uninterrupted prospect of its whole length, with the basin in the midst) was raised and boarded, like the other; but before reaching it, a marble fountain, with a number of *jets d'eau*, were to be observed. To the left of this, a door opened upon a small terrace or balcony, which presented a beautiful view of the adjoining country, its olive-groves and mountains swelling magnificently beyond. After being presented and seated, we were presented with pipes and cold punch, and having inhaled a few whiffs, the aga proposed that we should walk through his house and gardens. This, of course, was gladly acquiesced in, and we accordingly set forth.

"The stables of the aga were next inspected; they contained probably upwards of an hundred horses of burden, besides numbers destined only for the saddle. This building forms one wall of the area before his house, to which we now returned. Immediately small round tables were brought, upon which the attendants placed salvers of fruits, anchovies, and other *piquant* dishes, which were but the prelude to the coming entertainment. I observed the aga, as the utmost mark of civility that he could shew, strike his tooth-pick into part of a pear already separated from the rind, and present it with much politesse to his nearest guests. What was the *flavour* of this pear, I never asked, nor do I pretend to guess; but 'by the foot of Pharaoh!' as Captain Bobadil says, (peradventure Pharaoh's *tooth* here were the more appropriate attestation!) I felt not, nor feel, the least envy, at their happiness! A

worthy personage who partook of it solemnly assured me that the aga used this aforesaid tooth-pick in the common way, not only afterwards, but *before* the presentation.

"The tables, four in number, were placed near the divan; but as a few only could with convenience sit at them from thence, awkwardly constructed chairs were added. A hundred attendants at least bustled about, bringing cold punch in small china cups and glasses with reasonable celerity. A quarter of an hour afterwards the tables were removed, and others brought.

"We sat down: a large metal salver placed upon a small table contained a bowl of rich soup in the centre. At the edge lay a piece of bread and two spoons for the use of each individual. The bowls of the spoons were composed of tortoise-shell, the handles of ivory tipped with coral. On either side of the salver were two little dishes of custard, with two salt-cellars. Vehib [*ci-devant* Pacha of Scio] led the way, by dipping his spoon into the mess of soup, and inviting us by gesture to imitate him. It is not easy to express the disgust and nausea with which I prepared to follow this worthy exemplar; but at last I succeeded. An embroidered scarf of gold was suspended round each of our necks, and a napkin laid upon our knees. The soup was excellent, and so indeed it might be said of every dish that came in quick succession before us. After the soup was a roasted lamb—one of those extraordinary animals whose tail is so broad and fat and delicious, as to become an object of great importance to oriental epicures. Into this, at the invitation of our right honourable president, each man thrust his finger and tore away a piece; and thus, between the spoons and the fingers alternately applied, as the nature of the dish might demand, and moistened at becoming intervals with plentiful libations of champagne and claret, we ran through six-and-thirty dishes. To an inquiry made afterwards of the dragoman, it was said that *forty-nine* had been presented; but as I kept a careful note of what passed, I am pretty confident that I have not made a mistake. There were three tables, and the same sort of dishes exactly were brought to each, so that according to my calculation there must have been but one hundred and eight dishes; according to that of the other, one hundred and forty-seven. The curious reader may wish to know something more of this feast, which, from the rarity of the occurrence, cannot have been often mentioned; and though I am only able to afford a general idea of their component parts, yet this probably may be enough.

"1. Sort of white soup, in which were a few pieces of minced liver. 2. Roasted lamb with Pistachio nuts. 3. Jelly floating on a glass bowl of water, in which gold and silver fish were swimming. 4. Roasted turkey cut in pieces, and stuffed with pine-apple seeds and peeled chestnuts. 5. Sort of white custard sprinkled with pounded cinnamon. 6. Stewed vegetables soaked in oil. 7. Custard. 8. Fried fish with an acid sauce. 9. Bread-pudding sprinkled with sugar. 10. Fried fish. 11. Preserved apples with a rich syrup. 12. Grilled legs of geese. 13. Mince-meat pie with a variety of herbs, from the top of which came a living goldfinch—a common Eastern trick. It was the same at all the three tables. 14. Honied pastry. 15. Cabbage-leaves rolled up with boiled rice. 16. Almond custard. 17. Stewed chicken stuffed with pine-apple seeds. 18. Sugar cake, shaped like diamonds. 19. Stewed vegetables with garlic sauce. 20. Pastry. 21. Wild boar, roasted. 22. Pastry. 23. Sausages made partly with rice, herbs, &c. &c. I know not what. 24. Cakes. 25. Fried fish—mullet. 26. Cakes. 27. Wild boar or beef (I could not distinguish) done with sauce like beef-olive. 28. Melons. 29. Pastry. 30. Fried knuckles of ham!! 31. Cakes. 32. Fritters. 33. Sort of fry with chestnuts. 34. Roasted flesh of the wild boar. 35. Large dish of boiled rice. 36. Rose-water sweetened with honey.

"I should not forget to mention, that VE-MID THE MERCIFUL pushed his claws into a

fried mullet, and *honoured* me and some others who were near him with the villainous morsel. It is thought an indispensable point of etiquette to devour such gifts; and most diverting it was to observe the grimaces, half concealed and half visible, which were made to gorge the savoury meat. A pinch of snuff from the box of the worshipful president causing one of his guests to sneeze, he burst into a loud and ridiculous laugh, in which he was joined by the attendants; it was judged a favourable omen! When the meal was concluded we again adjourned to the divan, and fresh pipes, with excellent coffee, were presented to us. Moving toward the higher, that is, the Aga's quarter of the mansion, we were furnished with pipes anew, and the *band* then made its appearance. It consisted of two violins, a sort of dulcimer, and a reed pipe, which last was played on by a dervish. A second, who, by his dress and familiarity with the Aga, appeared of a superior rank, sat next, and assisted in the execution of a song, the worst, perhaps, that ever saluted mortal ears. Yet the whole presented a most curious scene. On the elevated and boarded part, noticed before, occupying the whole divan, sat the officers of the Cambrian and Seringapatam; the Aga in one corner, with pipes three yards long, projecting from the jaw, and resting on the brass plate in the middle of the floor, while wreaths of thick smoke ascended to the roof. In front of this elevation sat the band, with the two dervishes in their light-coloured sugar-loaf hats; and at their backs stood a huge crowd of turbaned attendants, filling up the whole space beyond, and looking with mute attention, and, it may be, with internal ridicule, upon what was going forward. Would that I were a painter, or would that I could *write* a painting! After another pipe and glass of Champagne, we departed in the same manner that we had arrived."

Near Salonica, we are told, "there is a singular method of catching the red-legged partridges, common in this country, which I do not remember to have heard of before. The sportsman provides himself with a covering for his whole body, composed of stripes of different kinds of the brightest cloth. He has a hole made in it for admitting his gun, and other holes for the eyes: in which state he marches into the field. No sooner do the partridges perceive him, than, impelled by this strange attraction, the whole covey run toward the cloth, and thus afford the sportsman an opportunity of murdering them at a blow!"

We shall conclude, till next week, with a few brief miscellaneous extracts:—

"A singular anecdote, relative to Greek superstition, was told to me this evening. Three years after a body has been interred, the friends of the deceased make a procession to the place of its sepulture, and examine the condition it is in. If the flesh be not decayed, or black, they imagine it to be the consequence of some enormous crime. They then have recourse to prayers and holy water, with which it is lavishly besprinkled, and again committed to the grave."

"Four Greeks of Smyrna having attempted an escape on board an Ionian vessel, were retaken by the Turks and put to death. It is customary for the executioner here to use a long and sharp sword in the performance of his office, at which he is sufficiently dexterous; but in the present case (for what reason is not apparent) an ataghan had been employed. The men knelt down upon the quay, near the Pacha's house, with bared necks, and heads drooped for the stroke of death. In the num-

ber of these unhappy victims to Turkish cruelty was an old man; he also was placed in the manner I have mentioned; but instead of taking off the head, the ataghan fell upon the hinder part of it, sinking deep into the skull, and he was actually struck *seven* times before the murder could be completed. In the mean while the place re-echoed with his cries and groans; and when one of the English residents in Smyrna, attracted by the noise, approached the spot, the heads were thrown upon a heap, and the trunks spouted forth a flood of gore! Such are the scenes to which the Turkish government accustoms its subjects; and such are the facts at which, while humanity shudders, the Mussulman only exults!"

A Selection of Popular National Airs. The Words by Thomas Moore. With Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. Bishop. No. V. London, 1826. James Power.

WE are prone to pay an early tribute to this charming assemblage of German, Spanish, Scotch, Italian, French, Russian, Danish, and even Hindoo National Airs, because, of all the publishers whom we know, to whose industry and spirit the musical world is most indebted for constant and admirable contributions to its enjoyments, there is not one so persevering as Mr. Power, nor one whose works are so grossly injured by piracies and imitations. It is therefore the bounden duty of every lover of fine music, in conjunction with appropriate and genuine poetry, to encourage this enterprising individual, and to discourage those dishonest plunderers who practise such frauds upon his property, and such deceptions on the public taste, as are referred to in the advertisement prefixed to this number. It is scandalous to take any share in patronising impudent rogues at the expense of a publisher whose exertions have brought forward so great a multitude of charming compositions and so brilliant a store of original songs; and we are sure we need only mention the fact to secure him the protection of every just and right-minded person in Britain.

The music in this Part is selected with excellent judgment, and some of the pieces are particularly beautiful: most of them, indeed, must become decided favourites in our drawing-rooms, where touching melody, and harmony not overlaid for the sake of execution, are always sure to captivate the willing ear. Of the literary portion of the work the following three songs out of twelve (the last peculiarly *Moorish*) will afford a recommendatory and fair idea:—

"No!—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may;
When Youth, and Love, and Hope, have pass'd away;
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No!—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When Youth, and Love, and Hope, have pass'd away.
"Oh! had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
But now thou break'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies?
No!—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When Youth, and Love, and Hope, have pass'd away."

"Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,
Forms that had grace in their shadows alone;
Looks, fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
And voices that Music might take for her own?
"Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, 'Where are those visions, oh, where?'
And, pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, 'There!'
"Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
On to the dim-shining ruins of day;
And there, in that light, like a talisman broken,
Saw the bright fragments of Hope melt away."

"Oh! lend me thy wings, Time, I hastily utter'd,
Impatient to catch the last glimmer that shone!
But scarcely again had the dark wizard flutter'd
His wing o'er my head, ere the light all was gone."

"If in loving, singing, night and day,
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms, dancing in the beam,
Or day-flies skimming o'er the stream;
Like summer odours, born to sigh
Their sweetness out and die."

"How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever play'd so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor odours ever mix'd their sigh,
So close as thou and I."

Again we bespeak the attention of the public to the merits of this publication, originally produced at very considerable cost, and therefore entitled to be rewarded, even were it less eminent for the talent which it displays, and which causes it to be so shamelessly plundered.

Reynolds's Memoirs, &c.

We are sure we cannot entertain the public more agreeably than by beginning where we left off with this auto-biography. Of a date not much later than that with which our last Number concluded, we are told—

"About this period, one of our constant visitors was the Honourable Thomas Erskine, who had lately relinquished the army and the navy, for a new profession, the law. Little did I then think that this young student, who resided in small lodgings at Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow beef, because he could not afford to purchase any of a superior quality—dressed shabbily—expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions, and used boastfully to exclaim to my father—'Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord,'—little did I then think that I should ever live to see this distressed personage in possession of a peerage, the seals, and the annual receipt of above fifteen thousand pounds. But want of income, that great professional stimulant, urged him into action; and, aided by strong natural talents and increasing industry, his consequent success and rise were so rapid, that I remember Murphy the dramatic author always calling him the 'balloon barrister.' One of his first clients was Admiral Keppel, who, being brought to a court martial by Sir Hugh Palliser, and acquitted, presented his successful young advocate with a bank note of one thousand pounds. Mr. Erskine showed us this novel sight, and exclaimed, 'Voilà le nonsuit of cow beef, my good friends!' Soon after Lord George Gordon's trial, for whom, with Lord Kenyon, he was counsel, and where again there was a verdict of acquittal, he came with 'all his honours thick upon him,' and passed three or four days with us at Southbarrow. Whether success had not increased his companionable qualities, or from what cause, I know not; but, though equally conciliating to my father and my mother, he and the junior part of the family got so completely to loggerheads, that, on the day of his departure, full of our supposed annoyances, Jack, Robert, and myself, waylaid him at the gate, pulled off our hats, waved them, and then huzzaed him. He turned round abruptly, stared, and haughtily demanded what we meant? 'We mean,' cried Robert, 'to pay the compliment due to your talents.' 'Ay,' continued Jack, 'particularly to your talent of making yourself disagreeable.' Then we all ran into the house, and, peeping through a window, saw him returning; when suddenly altering his mind, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away. The next time we met in

the Adelphi, Erskine shook us by the hand, laughed heartily at the circumstance, and said, 'as he did not forget he was a great barrister, we were quite right in remembering we were the sons of a great attorney;' a character certainly not exactly to be trifled with by either old or young big wigs."

After leaving school, Frederic was, in 1782, entered of the Middle Temple; but, except in assisting in his father's business, seems to have done little or nothing with law. Nevertheless, his opinion of lawyers may be worth quoting, not as a student, but as an experienced man of the world.

"When it is remembered, that the profession of the law is sufficiently profitable for its practitioners to live by it, honourably and honestly, we must lament that so many wander from the regular road. Yet, that there are many 'sound in heart as in head'—many who can fairly boast of being above all crooked ways, I am happy in this opportunity of acknowledging; and, in defiance of prejudice and the cry of 'mad dog,' can venture to add, that, if Diogenes were now in search of an honest man, he would probably, after all, be as likely to find such a person amongst lawyers as amongst any other class of society."

Of another profession he tells a less favourable story:—

"Speaking of doctors, I believe the first great hoax ever practised, occurred about this period. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, amounting, at least, to the number of fifty, received letters to attend at ten o'clock in the morning, on a well-known wealthy lawyer, residing close to the Thames, at the end of Essex Street, which was then, as it is now, a complete *cul-de-sac*. Soon after the appointed hour six carriages arrived, then, in an instant, many more. After much parley, rage, and confusion, some of the doctors, finding they had been deceived, ordered their coachmen to turn, and drive to their real patients. Then came the hoaxer's triumph—above twenty medical flats were preparing to get out of the street, while a more than equal number were as violently struggling to get into it. This small *cul-de-sac* being now completely blockaded, the original cause of action was, as usual, speedily forgotten; and the doctors and their servants passed the remainder of the morning in polemical disquisitions in an *alto key*, and in general abuse and retort. Though some invalids suffered, perhaps, by this jest, others, in their own opinion, benefited; at least, Lord Effingham used to say, 'To this facetious event I owe my life, for I sent for Doctor C— and he could not come.' Undoubtedly his lordship was not very partial to the faculty; for once, when my brother Richard said, 'What a wonderful climate Greenland's must be, since the natives live there to the age of one hundred years, without medical men;' his lordship replied, 'Then what a much more wonderful climate England's must be, since they live here one hundred years with them!'"

Our next extract is a curious anecdote.

"To recur to the subject of *pocketing affronts*—My brother Jack, late one evening in January, proceeding in his gig to Southbarrow, was stopped on Bromley Hill by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol, furiously demanded his money. I will not say that Jack took fright, but his horse did, and, with a violent plunge, galloped off at full speed. The highwayman's foot being struck by the wheel, he was immediately unhorsed, and dashed on the ground; while his horse, now left to his own guidance, mechanically followed

the vehicle. Jack, in total ignorance of the whole proceeding, hearing the horse behind the gig, naturally concluded the highwayman was in full pursuit, and expected every moment to have his brains blown out. However, on entering the town, he discovered his error, to his great relief; and stopping at the inn, and desiring to speak to the landlord, he related the circumstance, and then delivered the horse to him; ordering it to be immediately advertised according to the usual form.—'If not owned, nor demanded, within ten days from the date hereof, it will be peremptorily sold to defray expenses.' As may be supposed, the horse was neither owned nor claimed, so therefore sold; and Jack, *pocketing the affront*, cleared upwards of thirty pounds by what he called '*robbing a highwayman*.'"

We proceed in our *anecdotalizing*, or extraction of anecdotes.

"During the summer, my father's uncle, Mr. Macey, arrived in England, from Portugal. He had resided in Lisbon ever since a period prior, by a few years, to the dreadful earthquake in November 1755. Don't be alarmed, reader; I am not preparing to detail a full, true, and particular account of this well-known calamity; but I will content myself with stating, in the words of a late traveller, who, after a tedious expatriation on the horrors of the scene, thus concludes—'this earthquake had the honour of being noticed by the Royal Society.' As Manly says, in the *Provoked Husband*, 'What a well-bred age do we live in!' One circumstance the old gentleman used to relate (not a magazine nor gazetteer one) struck me particularly; I allude to the sudden influx of morality into the town, on the cessation of the earthquake. So determined were the poor panic-stricken survivors on an immediate confession and repentance, that, even in that land of priesthood, the priests and confessors literally staggered under their overwhelming accession of business. Persons, long supposed married, hastened to expose the criminality of their connexion, by a public celebration of the nuptial ceremony, and husbands hoped to pacify heaven by transferring their affections from their mistresses to their wives. Children, hitherto unacknowledged, found parents, and orphans, protectors; frands were avowed, where even suspicion was not attached; and restitution promised to the second and third generations, for the aggressions that had been practised in the first; owners were found for almost forgotten crimes; and enemies, become friends, sought and afforded mutual assistance."

It became necessary, when Mr. Frederic was about seventeen years old, to send him to Spa to obtain some payment from Lord Grandison, who was indebted to his father; and of this trip we have a pleasant narrative. When he landed at Calais, he made Dessein's his hotel, and tells us—

"I was full of Sterne, and this was Sterne's Dessein. I desired eagerly to converse with him about the former, but knew not how to commence. At length, however, *apropos des bottles*, as the French say, I asked him, without preface, whether he remembered 'Monsieur Sterne?' The good old *aubergiste* smiled, and replying in the affirmative, one word led to another; till his presence being suddenly required elsewhere, he hastily concluded in the following manner:—'Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von vary great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money by his Journey of Sentiment—mais moi—I make more through de

means of dat, than he by all his ouvrages réunies—Ha, ha!" Then, as if in imitation of Sterne, he laid his forefinger on my breast, and said, in a voice lowered almost to a whisper, '*Qu'en pensez vous?*' and then departed. After dinner, I took a walk over the town. There is a fine convent in the market-place, and what I equally liked, a fine café: went to the play, and afterwards supped with a chevalier of the order of St. Louis, Monsieur Chamang. His two daughters are lovely girls; the eldest of whom, understanding I did not speak French, said in a low tone to her sister, '*Mon Dieu! quel grand nez?*'—'*Oui,*' replied the younger, '*c'est comme un vrai bec de perroquet.*'

"August the 14th—Wanting to walk on the pier, I asked the garçon, (who spoke English very tolerably,) the French for it. He, thinking as *Milord Anglais*, I could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *paire*. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and draw-bridge, stumbled on the pier; without having had occasion to inquire my way to it, by the garçon's novel appellation. There I remained, 'strutting my half hour,' till dinner time. At the *table d'hôte*, the commandant of the troops of the town sat next me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom (as it appeared to me) spoke a word of English, except a remarkably pretty Irishwoman. I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town: '*Monsieur,*' I said condescendingly to the commandant, '*J'ai vu votre paire:*' meaning I have seen your pier; but which he naturally understood, I have seen your *père*, father. This address, from a perfect stranger, surprised him; '*Il est beau et grand, monsieur,*' I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain, by pronouncing very articulately, '*Oui, monsieur, j'ai vu votre paire,—votre paire sur le havre.*'—'*Eh bien, monsieur,*' replied the commandant, '*et que disait il?*'—I was astounded; and, looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me. '*Monsieur,*' I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command, '*Monsieur, est-il possible que vous residez ici, et que vous ne connaissez pas votre paire—votre paire si—si long!*' This speech naturally only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bus* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate. '*Messieurs,*' I cried, somewhat boisterously, '*il faut que vous connaissez votre paire! Le paire de votre ville, qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois,—et a ce moment on travaille a lui raccommoder sa fin, à laquelle le vent a fait du mal!*' This was the *coup de grace* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts; and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them. 'Allow me, sir,' said a gentleman sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed.—'*My dear sir,*' interrupted I, 'you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain.'—'*Sir,*' he replied, 'you have just told this gentleman,' pointing

to the commandant, 'that his father is the father of the whole town; that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end, that the wind has damaged.'—I was paralysed. 'Tell me,' I cried, as if my life had depended on his answer, 'what is the French for *pier*?'—'*Sette,* or, according to the common people, *pont,*' he replied.—I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced, in French, an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed me the St. Omer Diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *clat de rire* at my expense."

Among his fellow-travellers was a sad gourmand, of whom he says—

"The next day, we dined at Bourbourg; the little voracious fat Frenchman, who sat opposite to me, must indubitably have been the identical glutton who, eating for a wager, won by a pig and an apple-pie."

"On board the bark from Ferne to Bruges, were five tremendous female Flemish fiends. Hail, ye happy times of Paganism, that owned but three furies—now, alas! there are five! Their caps were larger than their hoops—their heads were larger than their caps—their bosoms were larger than their heads—and their terminations were larger than all put together. They must have been the real lineal descendants of Rubens' models, when he painted the dismemberment of Orpheus by the infuriated matrons. Whoever has seen this picture may form a faint idea of their persons; but what copper-smith, frog-catcher, or bag-piper, can imagine the infernal noise to which I can compare their voices?"

"Worse than the language discord speaks
In Welshwomen, 'mongst beds of leeks;
Or the confused and horrid sounds
Of Irish in potato grounds."

At Spa—"At the hotel, after supper, Count Zenobio related to me an incident that he had witnessed here a few years ago, which had produced a most uncommon interest and effect. A short thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gaming tables. This man, during a whole fortnight, continued, night after night, in the most extraordinary manner, to win enormous sums of the faro bankers, as well as the surrounding betters. He wore spectacles, and appeared so short-sighted, that he was always obliged to touch the counters with his nose before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck, that whatever card he backed was sure to win. On the last night of his appearance in Spa, one of the gamblers, a young half-intoxicated Irishman, had lost an unusually heavy sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent in a style that might have edified the most abusive fishwoman in Billingsgate. '*D—n you, you old dog,*' he cried, 'and most particularly d—n your spectacles! By the powers, see if I won't try my luck myself in your cursed spectacles!' and snatching them from him, he put them on his own face. At first he could distinguish nothing, but on approaching the cards, within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the spectacles were strong magnifiers. His suspicion and curiosity were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer, but he was gone. An examination then commenced, and the cause of this wonderful continuance of luck was

speedily discovered. The cards in Spa are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn the proprietors of the gaming tables repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there purchase their stock for the year. Thither the spectacle gentleman had also hied, not as a *buyer*, but as a *seller* of cards; and at such reduced rate, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him; and Spa and several other towns were literally stocked solely with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed amongst the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number, with a particular variation to denote the suit. Then, the rogue came to Spa disguised—with blackened hair and spectacles; and there, as a *gentleman* gambler, would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds."

"In the neighbourhood, Mr. Elwes had a formidable rival in *finance*—a retired barrister; the desolate state of whose house gave it the appearance of being haunted, or, 'the worst of the worst,' of a property long in chancery. The day we called, he was receiving from one of his tenants his Midsummer rent. After my introduction by Topham, and an interchange between us of the usual compliments, the barrister turning towards the farmer, presented him with a small glass of Port wine, which he took and drank; but then exhibiting a face of evident disapprobation, the barrister exclaimed, 'What! do you not like the flavour of this glass of wine as well as of the one I gave you last Christmas?'—'*No, dang it,*' replied the tenant, 'you see it has a kind of a different taste.'—'*Ha, ha!*' rejoined the lawyer triumphantly, 'now I have caught you: it is out of the *very same* bottle, and has never been opened since!'"

"Old nurse Morgan, at length, wishing to see the mighty *talisman* which had operated such a change in our circumstances, it was settled that she should have her wish on the following night. Accordingly, she requested to accompany her an Irishman of the name of Murphy, who was a porter to the Temple, and was also the occupant of the honourable office of shoe-black to me and my brother. Not an order being then admitted, I gave her money to pay for a seat in the gallery, for herself and her companion. They went, and the good old creature returned much gratified; but when Murphy brought us our boots in the morning, and we asked him how he had been entertained, he only scratched his head, and replied, 'Pretty well, your honours, as for that; but you see Mrs. Morgan has forgotten to pay me.'—'*What!*' I cried, 'I gave her the two shillings for you, myself.'—'*Faith, now, you are right,*' he rejoined, 'and, indeed, she paid them at the door of that winding gallery. But that's not my maning. It's the *porterage*, sir! Arrah, the porterage all the way from here to Covent Garden and back; and for that, and the trouble, and the great loss of time, I think your honour yourself will allow, I cannot ax you a farthing short of another two shillings.'"

"Still, however, Macklin could not long continue a regular chain of conversation; and wine (that general confounder of ideas) not aiding his recollections, he suddenly and violently smacked the person next to him on the back, exclaiming, 'Who are you, sir?' The person thus honoured was a short, fat, Irish clergyman, who at that moment was considerably absorbed in the mastication of a large

'devil.' 'Now, sir,' exclaimed Macklin, 'what is your opinion of Terence's plays?' The poor parson, more than half confounded by the violence of this sudden attack, hastily replied, in a rich Connaught brogue, 'What! do you mean his Latin edition?' 'Do you think,' rejoined Macklin, at the same time repeating the smacking operation, 'do you think I mean his *Irish* edition, and be d—d to you?' The rage and face of the parson leaving us little doubt that an explosion would ensue, I, with others, copying Doctor Beattie's example, immediately vanished. What occurred after my departure never reached my ears; and, therefore, I can only add, that though Macklin, as an actor, and particularly in his own highly drawn characters of *Sir Pertinax Macartyphont* and *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, often brought full houses, I, and many others, must express our doubts whether off the stage he ever attained a similar attraction.

"The time passed very merrily and gaily, Holman entertaining us with his Irish stories, of which he had a considerable collection. Amongst others, he related that, the previous summer, dining with a party in Dublin, where a furious theological controversy occurred, B***, losing his temper, boisterously said to a stranger who sat next to him, 'On which side, sir, are you? Are you an Atheist or a Deist?' 'Oh, neither, sir,' was the immediate reply; 'I am a *dentist*.'"

Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces on the Southern Banks of the Caspian Sea. By J. B. Frazer. 4to. pp. 384. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

OF Mr. Frazer's Journey into Khorasan we rendered an account at the time of its appearance; and as this volume may be considered a sequel to that work, further observation is uncalled for, except simply to say, that it possesses the advantages of greater brevity and condensation in the narrative, and of more interest in the personal adventures. Speaking of the cholera morbus, it is related,—

"Amongst the multitude that died of this disease, there was one old man, whose story was somewhat singular. His name was Mushedee Allee Akbar, he was of low origin, and had once served as cook to an English officer, at the court of Abbas Meerza, after which, he supported himself by keeping a small cook's shop in the bazar. It happened that he had a very pretty daughter, who, being observed by one of the caterers for the royal seraglio, was spirited away, removed to the harem, and became, as is usual in such cases, one of the king's wives. The poor father was by no means satisfied when he heard of the high promotion which his daughter had attained, and resolved to leave no means untried for recovering her. Aware that this was quite out of the question without a propitiating present, he set himself to work hard for a considerable time, almost starving himself to save every penny; and by these means, and the sale of all he had, he contrived to raise seventy tomanis, with which he went to court to ransom back his child. With some difficulty he obtained access to the presence, and told his business; upon which the shah, flying into a huge passion, real or pretended, exclaimed, 'What! you old wretch, is the honour done to you by the king of kings in making your daughter his wife not enough? but you, forsooth, must be discontented, and wish to have her back again! you must be taught more wisdom.—Here,' cried he to the attendants, 'take that old vagabond, and beat

him soundly.' The poor man's heels were instantly tript up, and he received a severe bastinado on the soles of his feet. After this cruel operation, which the shah very calmly witnessed, his majesty had the seventy tomanis taken from him, and ordered him to be turned out of the palace, saying, 'You old idiot, you have been well served for your folly; you have sold all you had to take your daughter from a situation where she was as well as possible, and you have lost your money and your pains; get home with you to your business, and don't play the fool so again.'"

"Not content with celebrating the death of Hussun and Hoossain during the festival called the Mohurru, which lasts for a month in the year, after the manner of other good sheeahs, they enact the tragedy which represents the death of these brothers, and cry and groan for them every Friday, and generally also some other day of every week; some employ three days in this worthy manner, and among other ceremonies observed on the occasion, a dish of pillaw is brought and presented to the person who enacts the part of the Prophet; and he is told, that God finding it to be excellent, had sent this dish to regale his favourite from his own table. This singular piece of mummery, of the truth of which I was assured by several persons, and among them, by Meerza-Abdool-Rezak, is the more extraordinary, and evinces an ignorance and superstition the more gross, because attributing human wants to the Almighty, is in opposition to the usual Mahometan tenets. Another being told of the admirable rice and milk, and apples, which are promised to the just in paradise, expressed himself as exceedingly surprised that pillaw was not enumerated among the good things to be enjoyed there. "Oh," said a third, "at that time God had not learned to make pillaw; no doubt it will be forthcoming there now!"

At Saree "there is a Jumah Musjid in the town. This term is applied to the principal mosque of any place, and either is derived from *Jumah*, the Mahometan Sabbath, or from *Jumah*, which signifies a *crowd*, an assembly. That in question is in nowise remarkable, except for a noble old sycamore that overshadows an open space before it. There was another of equal size and antiquity, in the inner court of this mosque, but it was unfortunately destroyed some time ago by fire. The people here have an idea that whenever this species of tree attains the age of one thousand years, it takes fire and burns spontaneously; and they believe this to have been the case with the tree that was destroyed, as both that and the one that still exists were old beyond all tradition. I know not if this idea respecting the self-combustion of the chin-tree be common throughout the country or not, but it bears a curious resemblance to the fable of the phoenix."

Of an ancient building here there is a curious history.

"Among the popular traditions held with regard to this tower, it is supposed to be the repository of a mighty treasure secured by a powerful talisman, the secret for obtaining which was discovered by an Indian magician of great skill; but the conditions of the talisman not permitting him to act in person, he employed an agent, like Aladdin, ignorant of the business on which he was sent. To this person the magician intrusted the counterparts of the talisman, which he was carefully to compare with that which he should see in the tower, but he was cautioned particularly against casting his eyes upwards, whatever he might hear going on. The messenger acted according to

his instructions, and the moment he had compared the talismans the spell operated; a mighty rushing noise took place, and a prodigious number of pigeons flew out of the open archway. This flight, however, continued so long, that the messenger, wearied with conjecture, forgot the caution, and looked upwards; upon which the flight of birds suddenly ceased, and a quantity of gold coin came tumbling about his ears. The spell had turned the gold into pigeons, which winged their way to the magician's coffers; but it was broken by the curiosity of his agent; and the gold was so suddenly restored to its original shape, that even the portion passing in the air fell to the ground; and no one, since that hour, has been able to discover the remainder of the treasure."

A Persian opium-eater is thus described:—"I particularly remarked a number of large glass bottles, ranged upon shelves in a sort of court, to which he alone had access. These, he slyly confessed to me one day, held wine, of which indeed the old gentleman was a great admirer. He had, I discovered, some disposition to sooffeism, or freethinking, and took care accordingly to enjoy the privileges of a dervish, although not so bold as to dispense with the externals of religion. On the contrary, he was strict in the performance of all rules and ceremonies in public, though in private he thought it unnecessary to constrain himself. I have frequently known the hour of prayer arrive, without the least attention being paid to it by my worthy friend Ramzaun. Indeed, at that hour the old gentleman was far otherwise engaged; for, among other laudable effects of his dervish habits, or more probably of the debauched practices of his youth, he had become an opium-eater, and regularly every night about sunset took his dose, consisting of two pills, each about two grains. I believe he also swallowed a similar quantity in the morning. It was curious to watch the old gentleman as the period of his diurnal indulgence approached. He was generally seated, quite cross and irritable, in his accustomed place by the window, moulding the pills in his hand, whilst he waited impatiently for the moment when he was to be made happy. He never allowed himself to anticipate the fixed time, lest, as he said, the desire might increase upon him, and he was fully sensible of that danger. As the luxurious and quiet influence of the drug stole over him, the harsh expression of his features would give place by degrees to a tranquil and happy calm. Woe to the menial or dependant who should venture to approach him before the appointed time! but in about twenty minutes afterwards, all was good humour, and he was ready to converse and to joke with all about him. Frequently, as we sat together, he has described these sensations, while I, on my part, could see them working in his countenance; and he sometimes spoke to me with fear of the consequence of the habit, as if he believed it would one day destroy him: but he always comforted himself by observing, that he would not permit it to grow upon him, and asserted he had not increased his dose for many years."

"On the 12th of May, every thing being arranged, we left Amol at six in the morning, and bent our course northwards towards the sea, which is about twelve miles distant from the town. Our road passed through a succession of thick forests; and I believe our guide lost his way, for he led us a distance of several miles in the bed of a stream, the water of which was so dirty that our horses could not distinguish the holes interspersed throughout its

channel, into which they constantly plunged up to the girths. Nevertheless, this forest was thickly peopled, small groups of houses appearing every quarter of a mile among the trees. The wood consisted of oak, sycamore, and a great many very noble alders, rivalling the others in girth and height. The sea-beach, which is narrow, is composed of sand and gravel, and bordered by hillocks of sand, overgrown with dwarf-oak, wild pomegranates, plums, black thorn, and the like. This ridge of sandy knolls appears to have been thrown up by the surf of the sea, at a period when its waters stood at a higher level than at present. Behind them lies a quantity of stagnant water, the overflow of rivers and streams, whose free course to the sea has been stop by the bars of sand which its waves have occasioned: from this stagnant lake, which is of no great breadth, a quantity of marshy ground, chiefly covered with alder trees and sycamore, extends to a considerable distance towards the interior. Thus the sea coast of the Caspian offers to an invader the dreary prospect of a thick marshy forest, without a sign of cultivation, or even of human life, or the vestige of a path by which to arrive at the inhabited country. We continued winding for an hour amongst these hillocks of sand, and under a hot sun, until, crossing a rapid and dangerous stream, we emerged upon the beach; and taking advantage of the hard wet sand by the water's edge, we continued our way, refreshed by the breeze, and with a firmer footing than the parched hillocks had afforded. It was curious to observe the alarm of our Arab and up-country horses at their first sight of the sea: they started, snorted, tossed their heads, and stamped with their feet; nor could they be for a long time prevailed on to approach, far less to enter. Its waters, the gentle but continued motion and noise of which kept their apprehensions alive. Indeed some of them could not be reconciled even to walking upon the firm wet margin, though so much more pleasant than the deep dry sand further from the water. We remained for the night at a small village not far from the beach, called Izzat-deh, where the prince's order procured us a decent lodging, and what provision we required. In this neighbourhood the Abdoole-Malekees live, a tribe descended from the Eels of *Lour*, and who, though they have quitted their wandering life, and become fixed inhabitants of villages, have not yet quite renounced their plundering propensities. They are said to amount to between three and four thousand families, and their chief, Allee Asker Khan, lives at a place four or five fursongs from hence, called Sarmee Kallah. Against these marauders it was necessary to be prepared, and the kethodah, or chief magistrate of the village, furnished us with a guard, under whose protection we slept secure.—May 13th. Another beautiful morning; and we began our march before six, so as to enjoy it fully. There is something in the influence of a fresh and dewy morning at all times exhilarating and soothing; and I do not know that I ever experienced this influence more powerfully than during this journey on the banks of the Caspian Sea. The hot and severe journey of each day sent us, sadly jaded, to an uncomfortable lodging, often, too, after a scanty meal. The requisite observations of the heavenly bodies also frequently kept me from sleep until a late hour, so that the night often failed to restore the exhausted frame. But the morning compensated for all: issuing from our dark and dirty lairs, we felt the exhilarating influence of the morning's breeze, and saw around us all that was

beautiful in nature;—the blue sea—the deep and magnificent forests, interspersed with fields and cottages—the mountains rising like a wall to a height of six thousand feet, in every variety of form and tint,—all weariness, either of body or mind, speedily fled before the power of such stimulants. Our march this day led us to Alleabad, a distance of about twenty-two miles entirely along the sea-beach. This beach consists, for the most part, either of sand or gravel, but sometimes beds of large round pebbles occur, which are troublesome and dangerous for the horses. Sand-hills every where rise above the shore, and beyond them the line of stagnant water called Moordab (literally 'dead water') by the natives, and formed by the numerous rivulets that run from the interior: the mouths of these are frequently shut up by bars of shifting or quicksands, in which any beast that should attempt to pass would inevitably be lost; and to find the path across these is one of the most difficult and indispensable duties of a guide. These moordabs are fringed with deep jungle, behind which are to be found the villages nearest the seaside, as if taking advantage of this natural line for a protection from seaward. As our eyes became practised, we could detect little paths here and there, plunging into the thickets and leading to these villages; but by detours so intricate, that without a guide it would be impracticable to make them out. This day we observed a number of nets, both hanging out to dry and left in the water for the purpose of catching fish; the buoys made use of to suspend them were formed of a species of gourd, called cuddoo, the same which is used for calceons (Persian smoking pipes) in Mazunderan. We saw a fisherman take from one of them several fish of a fine white colour, which, at the distance we were from him, looked like herring; and many large shoals were to be seen glittering in the water, with plenty of cormorants diving and swimming among them; sea-eagles, hawks, and gulls, were also hovering in abundance, and a number of 'sea-dogs,' as the natives call them, which are a species of otter, were swimming about at no great distance from the shore. One of these we found dead upon the shore; another I shot from the beach. They were about three feet and a half long, including a short tail, had four webbed feet, their head resembled that of an otter, and their body was covered with thick and fine brown hair. These were all new objects for us, and the interest they inspired served to lighten a hot and tiresome march. I tasted the water of the sea at this and several other places during our journey along its banks, and found it in most instances barely brackish, and sometimes so fresh that our horses would drink it readily. This was no doubt owing to the number of large streams which flow into it from the mountains of Mazunderan and Gheelan; but I have been informed by persons who have made passages to Astrakan, that even in the parts furthest from shore, the water is by no means very salt.

On crossing the Suffeedrood for Resht, the author says—

"During the time we were detained on the banks of the river, our attention was disagreeably attracted by a most sickening stench, which we found to proceed from a prodigious quantity of dead and putrid fish of very large size, covering the shores, and lying equally thick upon the islands formed in the bed of the river. They were a species of sturgeon, and at first I was inclined to believe they had been thrown ashore by some great flood; but more minute inspection shewed that each had been

cut open by a sharp instrument, which led me to suppose that they had been caught and opened for some part of their intestines, and then thrown aside as useless. This I afterwards found was the case. The Russians rent the river, and catch in it a great quantity of sturgeon; part they salt for the Astracan market; but from part, they only take the roe or caviare, and the isinglass which lies attached to the back part of the stomach; the rest of the fish they reject and leave to rot. I could never ascertain the true reason of this: perhaps the fish which yields roe is out of season for curing; perhaps it may be of a different species from that which they cure in other places, and send to Astracan."

This selection will serve to shew the entertaining character of the work.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Little Villager's Verse-Book. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 18mo. pp. 32.

It is pleasing to contemplate the incensed antagonist of Roscoe and the *Quarterly Review* in the amiable character in which this slight tome presents him to the public;—the accomplished poet directing his talents to the delightful task of rearing the tender thought, and teaching the young idea how to shoot; the Christian pastor benevolently leading the poor children of his charge into the paths of humanity and piety! To do these things he has written the twenty-eight little pieces which compose this small volume, founded upon the familiar images of country life, and well calculated, by their simplicity, to awaken the best feelings in the hearts of the young of all classes, to whom they are peculiarly addressed. It is a charming book for ~~the~~ *the* mothers of every rank in life, and particularly suited for Sunday schools and other places of instruction. We quote three of the poems as examples of the whole.

"Star-light Frost."

- "The stars are shining over head,
In the clear frosty night—
So will they shine when we are dead,
As countless and as bright.
"For brief the time, and small the space,
That e'en the proudest have,
Ere they conclude their various race
In silence and the grave.
"But the pure soul from dust shall rise,
By our great Saviour's aid,
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
And all the stars shall fade!"

"The Swan."

- "Look at that swan! how still he goes!
His neck and breast like silver gleam;
He seems, majestic as he rows,
The glory of the lonely stream.
"There is a glory in the war—
A glory, when the warrior wears
(His visage mark'd with many a scar)
The laurel wet with human tears.
"Those scenes no glory can impart,
With trumps, and drums, and noises rude,
Like that which fills his silent heart
Who walks with God in quietude."

"Child and Blind Grandfather."

- "Though grandfather has long been blind,
And his few locks are gray,
He loves to hear the summer wind
Round his pale temples play.
"We'll lead him to some quiet place,
Some unfrequented nook,
Where winds breathe soft, and wild flow'rs grace
The borders of the brook.
"There he shall sit, as in a dream,
Though nought he can behold,
Till the brook's murmur—it shall seem,
The voice of friends of old.
"Think no more of them, aged men,
For here thou hast no friend,
Think—since this life is but a span—
Of joys that have no end."

This is sweetly told, and would make a fine subject for a picture.

The Gate of the French, Italian, and Spanish, unlocked by a new Method of Acquiring the Accidence, &c. &c. 18mo. pp. 85. W. Goodrich.

By a neat and simple analytical arrangement, and a pattern of cards inscribed in a particular manner, this miniature of a book (more than one half of which is occupied with biographical notices of famous linguists) shews a very simple and not inefficient method of acquiring languages, especially the three mentioned in the title-page. It agrees with several of the new and expeditious systems.

Testament of Napoleon Bonaparte, &c. The Will of Napoleon Bonaparte. J. C. Mouton-Duvernay, Legatee of Napoleon, and Son of the Lieutenant-General condemned and put to death at Lyons in 1815. To the Count de Montholon and General Bertrand, his Co-Legatees. Paris, 1826.

"I am the blood of the general, and the legacy you refuse me is the price of his blood."

To the lovers of scandal, this well-written pamphlet will afford a rich treat. We here find M. Lafitte the banker charged with concealing the deposit of 5,300,000 francs, until the Tribunals compelled him to disgorge it, and even then with resisting the payment of interest, though he was obliged to acknowledge that he had speculated with it. Next appear on the stage the great heroes of loyalty and devotion to their fallen master, Generals Montholon and Bertrand. We are far from supposing that the hope of inheriting millions at all influenced their voluntary exile at St. Helena, instead of being tried and executed for high treason at home, like Ney, Labedoyère, and Mouton-Duvernay. The fact is, however, here asserted, that they have inherited immense riches, and have gotten possession of them; yet they refuse to pay to the destitute son of their former comrade—who was shot for an attachment they have turned to so good an account—the legacy of four thousand pounds, bequeathed to him by the ex-emperor. It is further affirmed that, in their quality of executors, they have not yet given any account of the sums they have received, nor, indeed, done any thing like other executors.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN NEWS.

Theatre.—Distress in the Liberty.—Marchioness Wellesley.

PARIS, at the present day, is scarcely more remarkable for its attachment to theatrical amusements, than was Dublin fifteen or sixteen years ago. In fact, our only regular play-goers at present are those who commenced their attendance at the theatre about that time. It is now an extraordinary occurrence when the boxes are any way moderately filled; and I will venture to assert, that there are not two nights in the entire month in which there are 200*l.* in the house, except when we have one of your *stars* here. This, you must allow, is bad encouragement for our manager (Mr. Abbott), who was induced to think, that a theatre conducted with spirit must inevitably be crowded nightly by such a fun-loving race of mortals as the Irish. Mr. Abbott's merits have been recognised by us; his activity and his services are appreciated even by our worthy corporation (not the most agile class of citizens on such occasions), who have presented him with the freedom of the city; all parties unite in praising his management—but the theatre, nevertheless, is not well attended. What I consider as the principal causes of

this apparently unaccountable neglect, I shall mention in a future letter; but during the last fortnight our theatrical hemisphere has been enlightened by the vice-regal presence. Twice the boxes have been crowded—twice the pit has been crammed—and twice the galleries have overflowed, "by command of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness Wellesley." These noble personages we never expected to have seen at the public theatre, and most probably we never should, but that they were called on by the unanimous voice of their fellow-citizens to attend that place where, some few years since, his Excellency had been grossly insulted. They were called on to excite, if they possibly could, by their presence, the spirit of trade, which was now wasted and expiring; to give an impetus to that manufacture (the silk weaving) which, it is feared, is about leaving us for ever, and which, if it should, will leave hundreds after it, to starve and perish in the streets.

I am aware that it does not come within the scope of your publication to discuss matters which are so closely connected with politics; but surely it cannot be improper to request (through such an extended publication as yours) those who have the powers of life and death in their hands, to pause before the decree be pronounced, which may involve hundreds in misery, and be attended with insurrection, or worse. It is quite impossible to give any thing like a general idea of the wretchedness that at present exists in the confines of that part of our city termed "The Liberty," and which, ere now, would have spread into diseases of the worst description, had not there been some employment given, and some relief extended, through the means of the Lord Lieutenant's visit to the theatre. And the motives which actuated him and his lady seemed to be properly appreciated by the audience. They were received with what may be truly termed "an Irish welcome," that is, it was ultra-enthusiastic. Certainly we never do these sorts of things by halves; one, two, three, four, or five cheers, will not satisfy us on such occasions. No—we never stop cheering, shouting, and clapping; men, women, and children, vie with each other in straining their lungs and muscles; and from the jewelled peeress in the boxes, to the fish-woman with the *mob cap* in the upper gallery, all are waving and shaking handkerchiefs of every colour and texture. Whether it was that the Marchioness Wellesley had expected but such a welcome as would have been given her by the proud Briton or her sober Americans, or that she was terrified by the extra-rapture of the Irish, I cannot say—but certain it is that she shed tears in abundance, even in the midst of the din and uproar of our gratulations. The marchioness is extremely popular with all parties—(this is the second time I have been obliged to use this phrase, which will shew in some degree its importance)—her wit, her urbanity, and her accomplishments, are highly spoken of: in person she is inclined to the *embonpoint*; her neck and arms are exquisitely shaped; the only fault to be found with her face is its extreme paleness; but then she has a full dark eye, one glance from which would inspire the boys (as the Irish of all ages term themselves) to "do such deeds" as even our aboriginal language of many terms would be incapable of describing.

I find I have transgressed the limits I had prescribed to myself when I began this letter.—Z.

* In the committee appointed to relieve the present distress, Dr. W.G.—mentioned, that he found in one cellar in the Liberty five men, in the last stage of the typhus fever, "without covering, without straw to lie upon, and without a drop of water to cool their parched lips."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

MELANCHOLY intelligence has been received from the Expedition into Africa. Early in December Captain Clapperton obtained leave to pass through Hio (the Yarbba of the Arabs), the king of which appointed him an escort of guides and horses; and by the middle of the month he reached Jennah, a considerable town in that kingdom, after a difficult and fatiguing journey, principally through bush or thick woods. As he advanced, however, into the higher district, the landscape became more beautiful and progress more easy: the natives were hospitable, and, besides being decently equipped in caps, shirts, and trowsers, possessed numerous horses, and were great equestrians. From Jennah to Katunga, the capital of Hio, is about thirty days' distance (perhaps from 250 to 300 miles), and the Niger (Kowara) is thence only three days' march. Captain C. and his servant Richard had both had the country fever; but were recovered, and enjoyed a healthier climate on their route from Jennah, which lay over the Kong mountains. By the last accounts they were half way to Katunga, in 8° 23' 30"; the thermometer fallen from 98 to 89 or 90°; and the elevation above the sea estimated at 2500 feet. From a place called Engua, Captain C. writes, that his fellow-traveller, Mr. Pearce, had died on the preceding day, the 27th of December; while Dr. Morrison and his servant, both unable to proceed, had returned to Jennah, and died there.

The other division of the Expedition had made its way to Dahomey, where the king and his captains treated our countrymen very kindly. Mr. Dickson had also had a seasoning fever; but, on becoming convalescent, had a palaver with the Majesty of Dahomey, and on the last day of the year left his court with fifty armed men and a hundred bearers, commanded by a relation of the king, for a town called Shar, seventeen days' journey towards the north, and situated to the south-west of Yaury. Mr. James had returned to the coast.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 20.—On Saturday, the 13th inst., being the last day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Short, Fellow of Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Byrd, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. Armstrong, Trinity College; Rev. R. T. Tyler, University College; Rev. P. Tildy, Scholar of Jesus College; Rev. R. W. Lambert, Pembroke College; T. Biddulph, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir J. P. Ord, Bart. Ch. Ch. Grand Compounder; F. J. Moore, R. H. Heptinstall, Exeter College; J. Hooper, H. J. C. Harper, J. S. R. Evans, Queen's College; T. Horn, St. Edmund Hall; C. J. Gooch, J. A. Wright, Christ Church; H. Snoddy, Brasenose College; G. Innes, G. Dowell, Scholars of Trinity College; F. Marcandaz, Scholar of Jesus College; F. Forster, Scholar, J. E. S. Hutchinson, J. Hoole, T. B. Hill, J. Jerram, J. L. Lamotte, Wadham College.

Wednesday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. W. Hatherell, Brasenose, Grand Compounder; Rev. E. C. Wells, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. R. Pole, Rev. A. Foster, Exeter College; W. H. Newbolt, Student, Rev. T. J. Wyld, R. Hall, Christ Church; R. Berners, Demy of Magdalen College; Rev. J. Thompson, Fellow, Rev. W. Holdsworth, Lincoln College; Rev. C. K. Williams, Scholar of Pembroke College; E. Hammond, Scholar of University College; Rev. J. S. Smalley, Scholar of Jesus College; W. Oxman, Scholar of Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Laupen, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; C. D. Griffith, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; J. J. Hutton, W. Orger, St. Edmund Hall; W. J. B. Angell, R. B. Robinson, Queen's College; Rev. S. Cragg, C. J. Parsons, T. Brown, Magdalen Hall; W. Mathews, Chaplain of New College; E. Gooch, S. L. Hamrick, J. H. L. Gabbell, Christ Church; G. Clive, Brasenose College; J. Maingy, H. E. Fryer, Pembroke College; R. T. Pilgrim, J. Peck, Trinity College; J. C. Campbell, University College; E. Knapp, W. D. John-

ston, St. John's College; G. M. Drummond, R. P. Morrell, Balliol College; F. De Soyres, Postmaster, Hon. A. H. Moreton, Merton College; J. Atkins, C. Bury, W. C. Kitson, E. Perry, C. Pickwick, J. Olive, J. Charnock, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 20.—The Lord Bishop of Salisbury was on Monday last admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

The Rev. Charles Forster, B.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Limerick, was on the same day admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. Graham, St. John's College, Compounder; Rev. H. K. Creed, Trinity College.

Master of Arts.—E. Strutt, Trinity College, Compounder.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—T. E. Johnston, St. Peter's College; Rev. J. Roberts, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. H. E. D. Shaw, St. Peter's College; T. Benson, Trinity College; H. Smith, Caius College; T. J. Roe, Sidney College.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

292. *The Hunting of Chery Chase*. E. Landseer.—We copy the title from the catalogue, taking it for granted that it refers to the old ballad. As a picture, it is distinguished for its clear and brilliant effect, for the Snuders-like character of the animals, and for the Rubens-like effect as a whole. The gallant bearing of the hunters, and the hurried action throughout, would not discredit those celebrated painters. The horn-blower is a perfect study; but there is little of distance preserved, and the *mêlée* is all foreground—the chief, almost the only defect in this splendid composition.

305. *Christ walking on the Sea*. F. Danby.—In this, as well as in most of this artist's works, the object has been to represent a striking effect of light and colour; and he has succeeded by the opposition and contrast of the warm light in the ship, and the cool and mellow light of the moon reflected on the waves: but as to the subject of the miracle, there is little in its treatment to create any interest, and it can hardly be said to be more than a feature very subordinate to the vessel. There is, however, a solemn and "mysterious light," (as we have frequently heard obscurity called,) and a character of originality, which claim our notice, though in this instance we cannot add our admiration. The Art cannot express *walking on water*.

311. *Preparing for Market*. W. F. Witherington.—The talents of this artist may fairly rank him among the foremost of those who succeed in familiar subjects; and we wish, for the gratification of others as well as ourselves, that his picture had been placed in a situation which its merit as a work of art so justly deserves.

283. *Psyche refted by Zephyrs to the Valley of Pleasure*. J. Wood.—The graces of art so often displayed on this truly poetic subject, in all its varieties of incident and interest, are not, perhaps never will be, exhausted; nor have they on the present occasion been treated by an unskilful hand. On the contrary, they are managed with every attention to the colouring, beauty, and composition, requisite in a tasteful group.

374. *Destruction of a City by a Volcano*, &c. S. Pether.—This painting exhibits very considerable talent; the composition is replete with forms of an elevated character: and the varied effects of light from the eruptive blaze, and the cool and pallid gleam of lightning, shew great observation of these phenomena,

and great skill in representing them. The whole is painted with care, and is highly creditable to the talents of the artist.

348. *A First-rate Man-of-War driving on a Reef of Rocks and Foundering in a Tempest*. G. Reinagle.—We have seldom seen a picture of this class painted with more skill, or which exhibited the awful effects of such a scene in a manner more striking and alarming. It reminds us of some of the best pictures of Monamy.

367. *The Morning Post*. W. Emerson.—A very cleverly-executed and whimsically-represented subject—shewing the appetite for news carried on with the appetite for breakfast.

Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India. By Captain R. Melville Grindlay, M.R.A.S., &c. &c. Part I. R. Ackermann and W. Sams.

THIS work, embracing subjects from the Marhatta country to the banks of the Indus, will consist of the present and one other part, each containing six plates in aquatint, and coloured agreeably to the nature of the scene and character of the figures introduced. The fidelity of the representations, in the portion now under our eye, is very striking; and all the plates are most acceptable, as illustrating an extremely interesting and important country, hitherto little known either by literary or graphic means. A scene in Bombay furnished a vivid idea of that place and its inhabitants; the approach of the monsoon, in the harbour of Bombay, is delineated with very peculiar natural effect; while the shaking minarets at Ahmedabad make us acquainted with the singular beauties and grandeur of eastern architecture. The other pictures are, a remarkable and picturesque ancient temple, at Halvud; the Rajah of Cutch amid his vassals, a splendid array; and a fine landscape of the Abou mountains, in Guzerat. The variety of these views, and the handsome style in which they are executed, will, together with the appropriate literary descriptions, recommend this publication not only to persons connected with India, but to the British public generally, and collectors in the arts.

MR. MARSDEN, whose picture of Christ and the Centurion we noticed a fortnight since, informs us that it was not painted for Norfolk, but for the Rev. T. Lane Fox, as an altar-piece in the church of Sturminster Newton, Dorsetshire. Mr. M. adds, that he has never studied in the Royal Academy, but for some years in the Museum and British Gallery. Wherever he has applied himself, we can only repeat, that his progress and walk in the highest range of art do him much credit.

PRINT.—*The Extinguisher*. Engraved in Aquatint by William Daniell, from a drawing by the late George Dance, Esq., R.A.—The design represents Death as suspending a huge extinguisher over a Miser who is counting his hoarded treasures. The idea is truly whimsical; and the effect of light and shade may vie with the best of Rembrandt's prints.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE MOON.

WHAT is it that gives to thee, Queen of the Night!

That secret, intelligent grace?

Oh! why do I gaze with such tender delight
On thy fair but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
Beyond the warm sunshine of day?—
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream
Where dances thy tremulous ray.

Thou canst not the heart of its sorrow beguile,
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend;
Yet where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,

And loves thee almost as a friend?

The tear that looks bright in thy glance as it flows,

Unmoved thou dost ever behold;

The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
To thee it has never been told.

And yet thou dost cheer me, and, even, I find,
While watching thy gentle retreat,

A moonlight composure steal over my mind—
Poetical, pensive, and sweet.

I think of the days which for ever are fled—
Of follies by others forgot—

Of hopes that are vanished—of joys that are dead—

Of friendships that were, and are not.

I think of the future, still gazing the while,
As if thou could'st its secrets reveal;

Though ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging smile,

To answer the mournful appeal.

But still I must love thee, mild Queen of the Night!

Since feeling and fancy agree

To make thee a source of unfading delight—
A friend and a solace to me.

INCOGN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL TRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—Letter VIII.

WITH my son Paul under my wing, I this day proposed visiting what are called the *Monuments of Paris—anglice*, the Lions. We bent our steps towards the Invalids. On crossing the Pont Louis XVI., we perceived an immense crowd at the entrance of the Chamber of Deputies: a well-dressed person walked up to us, and asked us if we wished to go in; we replied in the affirmative; and on handing him a *petit écu* (half-a-crown), he offered to get us places *with the first*. We went up the steps, and he ordered his ragamuffins out of the ranks, and we took their stations. I could not think what such poverty-stricken ragged rascals could wish to see in the Chamber of Deputies—as bread, and not politics, was what they stood most in need of. After being jostled about for half an hour, without losing our place in the *queue*, or tail, as they call the string of persons at the entrance of a theatre, the doors opened. We were asked for our tickets; we replied we had none,—that a person had given us up his places. We now discovered that the crowd assembled at the door long before the hour of opening, is a mere speculation of poor devils to gain a few pence: they have no tickets of admission, and are there to obey the order of the *toultier*, who looks out for persons who are going to the Chamber, and who thus for a trifle get front seats, without being at the trouble of attending a long time beforehand. We were refused admission. I found out my man, and he asked with surprise, why we did not go in. "They would not let us without tickets." "Why, had you no tickets?" "No; but you promised to get us in." "No; I promised you should get there with the *first*, supposing, of course, you had tickets." While we were thus debating, the Count de C— came up, to whom I related our adventure. He laughed

heartily, and said, "Well, you must not be disappointed." He then took us round to another door, and we soon found ourselves in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies.

The first observation that struck me was the appearance of half church, half theatre. On the stage were a pulpit and reading-desk, one above the other: there was no orchestra, but a pit for all the world like that of a London play-house, with the pit tier of boxes behind, which they call *tribunes*, for the ministers, ambassadors, and the public.

I seldom go to the House of Commons, having a much higher idea of the "collective wisdom" of the nation from reading the reports in the newspapers, than from being stowed in an ill-arranged gallery, and seeing what I fancy the utmost inattention in the members, both in dress and manner, — coming in booted and spurred, sitting down with their hats on, talking, walking about, and going in and out, as if what was going on were no business of theirs.

Here, matters are carried to the opposite extreme; the greater part of the members wear a gold-laced livery, and in London would frighten the children out of their wits, from being mistaken for the parish beadle: I understand the deputies cannot speak or vote without being dressed in this livery. The French are great sticklers for form. An estate is to be sold by public auction; none can bid for it save attorneys or notaries, and even they cannot bid unless they are in their gowns: so that a friend of mine who wanted to buy an estate requested his attorney to bid for it; he had not his gown; and while he ran to get it, the estate was knocked down to another.

The deputies arrived, and took their places. The President, a venerable-looking old man, got up into the pulpit: one of the secretaries read the minutes of the last sittings, which were approved. A bustle now took place between two members, each striving to get first to the reading-desk, or *tribune* as it is called: in a little time the Chamber became uproarious, and the models of politeness did not scruple to use expressions to each other that have long been banished from the code of good breeding. In England they would have produced a dozen duels; but here, where there is no law against duelling, it merely ended in "*tongue fight*." Query—would not duelling decrease in England if it ceased to be penal?—it is now considered as forbidden fruit, and we all know what charms that has.

As I found there was to be nothing but set speeches, or pocket speeches, we left the Chamber of Deputies, which I shall never recollect without its reminding me of a bear garden.

The Hotel of the Invalids is a noble edifice. Here the old warriors repose in a palace, are well clothed, well fed, and allowed a bottle of wine per diem. One of them, old *Prevost*, is upwards of a hundred, and still takes his daily walks into town. Our guide pointed out to our notice another of them, who seemed to be an officer: "That," said he, "is a woman. Her husband went to the army as a conscript—she followed him—he was killed—she was inconsolable, and would not quit the dead body; at length she stripped it of the uniform, committed it to earth with her own hands, put on the clothes, and insisted on taking her deceased husband's place in the ranks, which she was permitted to do. She fought with the utmost bravery, received several wounds, was raised to the rank of sergeant, and for her heroism was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. She fought several duels with those who quizzed her on

her sex, or took liberties. She was highly respected in the army for her unvaried good conduct, and is now in the office of the clothing department of the invalids. She constantly wears the uniform, cocked hat and sword, and has a very martial appearance. She is now near sixty years of age: such is Madame *Bruneau*."

The Chapel of the Invalids was formerly decorated with tablets containing the names of the officers and soldiers who had particularly distinguished themselves since the Revolution. They have all disappeared; but what I regretted most was the loss of all the stands of colours which were hung round the dome. When the allies were about entering Paris, in 1814, it was certain that they would seize on all the standards conquered from them. This the old soldiers, who had so often contemplated them with pride as the result of their prowess, could not bear to anticipate; and it was decided they should all be burnt. The sword of the great Frederick was broken, and thrown into the flames, so that no trophy might be recovered by the enemy. I do not like sadness, and this made me melancholy; I hastened out of the place, and found an agreeable distraction in examining the little gardens in front of the palace, separated with trellis-work, where those who are fond of cultivating flowers have little parterres, with seats and bowers, where the honey-suckle, the jasmine, and clematis, form a fragrant shade over the gray hairs of humble valour.

The following evening was a first representation. I attended the last rehearsal: a great number of persons were in the pit, they were very shabbily dressed, and I asked who they were? I was answered, *les messieurs du lustre*. On these frequently depends the fate of a piece; at any rate, if you do not have them, it is sure to be damned. They are the janizaries of the drama, in whose hands lies the fate of sultan-author. Not only must they have free admission, they must be paid into the bargain; they are organised in bands, and, I am told, make a very decent living by it. The man who, apparently, was their leader, came on the stage, and addressed himself, in the most familiar manner, to the author, who treated him with great respect. At the performance, these *lustrians* tried to drown all opposition; but the catcalls of the unpaid judges, the enemies of the author, and the friends of his rivals, had wellnigh overpowered the janizaries; a battle royal commenced in the pit between the parties, which required the *gens d'armes* to settle; and as quarrels are frequent in the pit, the police interdicts the admission of females to that part of the house; whether for their own sakes, or to prevent a spark becoming a conflagration, I have not been able to learn. Dramatic authors are not paid here as in England; they have a certain sum for every night's performance of their piece, at whatever theatre it may be acted, and there are persons who pick up a tolerable livelihood as agents to dramatic authors; their duty is to keep a sharp look out after the provincial theatres, and claim from them the author's rights, which, I am told, are fixed at half a crown and upwards for each representation. It is a trifle, but it is a very proper duty, in my opinion, levied on the country theatres; and it would be well if a similar system was adopted in England.

Last night I went to the *Théâtre des Variétés*: one of the pieces was *Les Anglaises pour rire*. I was ready to split my sides with laughter at the inimitable burlesque gravity of Poties: but a fat John Bull, who was in the

same box, could not brook it so easily; he scratched his head, stamped with his foot, hissed like a goose, while all around were convulsed with laughter; at length he rose, and with Stentorian lungs, after having translated what he had to say into French, addressed the actors as follows:—"Messieurs, je vous dirai, que ce n'est pas la chose de faire du gibier des Anglais." Having thus spit his spite, and being applauded by me for his courage, skill, and address, on which no doubt he prided himself, he walked off in sullen dignity.

IRISH SKETCHES.

No. III.—The Soldier's Boy.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1776, when the old American war (as it is now familiarly named) raged with unabated vigour on both sides, it was deemed expedient by the legislative authorities of Great Britain to send further auxiliaries to their harassed forces in that quarter of the world; for which purpose his Majesty's — regiment of infantry, then stationed in Cork, received orders to proceed thither as soon as possible.

The bustle prevalent on a regiment's leaving its peaceful home for scenes such as this was likely soon to be engaged in, is much more easily conceived than described; yet every heart was gay, none felt the slightest emotion at leaving a place so endeared to them all, by ties both of kindred and friendship, save private Wm. Thompson, of Capt. D.—'s company; on him and him only did the summons fall joyless, for on the very day the route was communicated to the corps, his wife, the fond partner of all his griefs and all his joys, after a short but painful illness, breathed her last, leaving him the father of a fine infant but a few days old, and the only pledge of their mutual affection.

The dilemma into which the poor soldier was thrown by this melancholy decree of Providence cannot be imagined. To carry the babe with him, was utterly impossible—to leave it behind—"O what will become of my darling child!" he exclaimed, as he wrung his hands in utter hopelessness: "O Mary! Mary! we shall never meet again! O never! never! but your little babe, Mary!" His heart melted within him as he spoke this, and he fell, quite exhausted, upon the dead body of his much-lamented wife.

All who witnessed this melancholy picture were in tears; and, of course, it would be useless to tell the number of persons frequenting an Irish wake, as all must be acquainted with it more or less;—and, indeed, this happened to be no small assembly. As yet no one ventured to disturb the "luxury of woe" in which the poor soldier was indulging, until Peggy O'Brien shook the tear from her eye, and stood erect in the chimney-corner, that undisputed place having been assigned to her on such occasions for nearly half a century. No one could perform the ceremonies or regulate the funeral cry like her, and after sitting up for two or three nights successively, it might be supposed that her vocal powers would become impaired; but it was not so, for when the day of interment arrived, her well-known voice was heard first, last, and loudest in the ullagone. "Poor soul," says she, drawing from her pocket a horn box with a rudely adapted wooden stopper, which she tapped gently with her fore and middle finger, ere she opened it, and extracting a pinch therefrom—"poor soul, my heart warms to him, and the dickonse be in me if I don't do him a good

turn. Biddy Murphy, child," says she, "go across and rouse up the poor *jontleman*, and tell him, a *cushla*, that I wants him, and 'tis not for nothing neither." So Biddy went over to the unfortunate man, and, after some time, got him to listen, and told him Mrs. O'Brien wanted to speak to him in private; so, after a few moments, he walked slowly towards her, the room being previously cleared of all its visitors, young and old. "Come hither, my poor *sowl*," says she, as the soldier approached; "come hither, and sit down along side of me, till I tells you how I will do my *endavours* for you, and put you in the way of having your little *garsoon* provided for." So down he sat; and Peggy thus began—"You must know, sir," says she, "that there is a most worthy man living on the Mall, a Mr. N——, the best friend to the poor and forsaken the city ever produced; O you never *see'd* the likes of him; and if you leave your child at his door, it will be as safe and sound as if your poor woman there, God rest her *sowl*! had the minding of it." "Ah! but Mrs. O'Brien, how could that be done?" "Tut, tut, tut," says she, "very easily: you have only to get a hand-basket and put the child into it towards the coming on of night, and I'll call for you, and we will go together; and if you *leaves* it all to me, never you fear, I'll manage it, for, as open confession is good for the *sowl*, 'tis not the first small *marchant* I disposed of that way; so you must do as I tells you, as I am *determined* to *save* you." Poor Thompson expressed his gratitude as well as he could, and readily consented to Mrs. O'Brien's proposal, as a last and forlorn resource. So when evening came she called, according to promise, and, finding every thing ready, they set out together; she carrying the basket which contained the child wrapped up in flannels, and having "James Thompson, a soldier's child," inscribed on a label fastened to its neck. "Tis a bitter night," says she, as she placed the basket at Mr. N——'s hall door; "'tis as cold as if the freeze was come; and I hopes they won't be after leaving the *cratur* long outside, for I'm *sartin* that the *tinder* little thing, *lying down*, could never *stand* such cold as this long. Do you give a loud rap; but first let me be out of sight; for you know, child, 'tis away I can't run as fast now as I could thirty years *agone*, and I'll wait for you on Parliament bridge." The soldier obeyed, and quickly joined Mrs. O'Brien on the bridge, being but fifty yards distant. With what emotions he waited the effects of his knocking I need not say, for the door was soon opened by a female, who started at seeing the basket; but how much more was she astonished when, in prying into its contents, a fine child was the result of the inspection. Mr. N. was immediately called, and he came to the door bringing a candle in his hand, and after him came other members of the family, and soon a crowd gathered round the door, amongst which the soldier and Mrs. O'Brien were not the least incurious. They were not long spectators, when they heard Mr. N. giving the child to a healthy-looking woman, who acted as nurse on such occasions, with strict injunctions to let him see it at least once a month. "Didn't I tell you," says Peggy, "'twould be provided for." "If I thought so," replied the soldier, "I should be happy." "You may be quite *sartin* of it," says Mrs. O'Brien, "as *sartin* as that you and I are here together at this present time." So, after wishing his child every success, and shaking him heartily by the hand, they parted. The next day found the soldier at his poor

Mary's funeral, where Mrs. O'Brien was very busy, and on the following morning, ere sunrise, he was on the wave. Month after month, year after year, passed away, and still fate kept poor Thompson in distant climes, and oh how often did his native land occur to him; his destitute child ever occupied the foreground of his thoughts, and even amidst the battle's thundering shock did he not forget him. At length, after an absence of seventeen years, careworn and wounded, he was thrown once more on his own dear shore. Parental feelings, too powerful to be resisted, urged him to visit Cork, and, disabled as he was, he hastened to Mr. N.'s to inquire the fate of his long-lost child. He arrived about noon at the house, and was accosted, on entering the office, by a genteel-looking lad, who inquired whether he could do any thing for him. The soldier answered, "I'm afraid not." He then told him he came from abroad, and was looking for his only child, his son, whom he was obliged, through misfortune, to leave behind, on his going to America. His name? eagerly asked the lad. "James Thompson," replied the soldier with tearful eyes and a shake of his head; hope and fear took alternate possession of him as he waited for a reply to his inquiries; but no word escaped from the soldier's boy, for such indeed he was, as he sunk insensibly into his long-lost father's arms. The scene which followed cannot be described. Suffice to say, that Mrs. O'Brien did not wait the soldier's return, having died at a good round age a few years before. But Mr. N. still lived to witness the beneficial effects which his extraordinary humanity produced; and after a life spent in doing all the good that man could possibly do, and covered with thousands upon thousands of blessings, he went down to the peaceful tomb; and to this day the aged citizens of Cork remember him with feelings of the most unlimited esteem.

LAMP.

April 22, 1826.

MUSIC.

THE *Melodists' Club* had its last meeting but one, for this season, on Thursday, at the Freemason's Tavern. Among the musical gentlemen present, were Messrs. Braham, T. Welsh, T. Cooke, Broadhurst, Roche, Bland, and Watson. Some admirable glees, songs, and duets, were given: and the Club was gratified by a beginning of those novelties which it is its great object to patronise—the union of sense with sound,—in short, native melody. Next year, it is probable this Institution will take a leading part in forming a national taste for genuine poetry combined with beautiful original composition.

ON Wednesday the *Eisteddvod*, to which we ventured to call the public attention in our last *Gazette*, was, as we anticipated, crowded. After the distribution of the medals given by the Cambrian Institution, the Concert, under the superintendence of Mr. Parry, took place; and a very superior performance in vocal and instrumental music delighted the audience.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Oberon, or the Elf King's Oath; a Romantic and Fairy Opera, &c. Composed and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by C. M. Von Weber. Parts II. and III. Royal Harmonic Institution.

With these two parts, which contain the second and third acts of the Opera, the whole work is now complete before the public. Of

the first we had occasion to speak in one of our former numbers; and the praise to which we thought it entitled belongs equally to these parts. The enjoyment which the composition afforded to the hearer, is sufficiently known from its repeated representations; but it is only from these volumes that the musical student will be able rightly to appreciate its learning and ingenuity. The arrangement, which has evidently been made with the utmost care, is by the composer himself, and contains, in substance, all that was played at the theatre, except the orchestral accompaniments. These are given here to the piano-forte, in a condensed or reduced form, and are subjoined to the vocal parts, which they will be found materially to assist.

Preludes for the Piano-Forte. By T. A. Rawlings. Same Publishers.

ONE of the merits of these preludes is, their appropriateness for the generality of players. They may be said to be middle steps of the ladder that leads up to the grand preludes and fugues of Sebastian Bach. They are written only in those major and minor keys most generally used; and four sharps or flats Mr. Rawlings has taken for the *non plus*. Why Mr. R. has deviated from the usual method of making every minor key succeed its relative major, we cannot rightly understand; but the ranging of all the minor keys together will be very tiresome for practice.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte, by the same Composer. Goulding and Co.

AGAIN and again, something of Mr. Rawlings. So indefatigably, indeed, does he employ his pen, that, at least every week, one or two publishers have to set their printers to work for him. A reason why his music is so much in request, is, probably, its being so perfectly practicable; and also because he judiciously avoids the extravagance of the modern bravura, and never forgets the respect due to what must be called the sense of music. The contents of the present divertimento are, an elegant introduction, Sir J. Stephenson's admired air, *O Leave me to my Sorrows*, and four variations upon this theme.

A Pastoral Dance, by Bishop; arranged for the Piano-forte; with Variations, by C. Neate. Op. 13. Same Publisher.

FREQUENTLY as Mr. Rawlings takes care to put us in mind of himself, Mr. Neate adopts the opposite extreme, and is a rare publisher. So great a piano-forte player, and not yet above Op. 13? In Mr. Neate's place we should have omitted that number altogether; for really *few variations*, and these too of rather the ordinary run, to a theme which is not his own, hardly deserve the name of an Opera. We hope the time will arrive, when it will be considered derogatory to a great musician to write variations. As they are manufactured now-a-days, there is neither art nor merit in the performance.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Saturday evening a new play, in five acts, called *Woodstock*, was produced at this theatre. It is founded upon, or rather copied from, the novel of that name, and has been put into its present form by Mr. Pocock, a dramatic writer of some skill in these sort of affairs, and not altogether wanting in originality and humour. We have so recently reviewed the volumes from which the play is taken, that we shall content ourselves with remarking, that, as far

as dramatic purposes are concerned, it appeared to us, from the first, to be less convertible to use than almost any of the author's former works; and the representation of Saturday, if we had needed any additional proof, would have fully confirmed us in the justness of our opinion. The novel, we cannot deny, contains—particularly in the latter part of it—many interesting scenes; but it is an interest arising from a clever narrative relating to persons who have always occupied much of our attention, and about whose domestic history and “troubled times” we are anxious to learn all that may come within our reach. The characters, however, are not very strongly drawn, and the incidents are by no means numerous. Besides this, the dramatist is placed in a very awkward situation with respect to his *dénouement*; for when the escape of the King has been accomplished, the difficulty is to know how to dispose of those who have assisted him, in a way agreeable to the feelings of a mixed audience; and how to get rid of Cromwell, who arrives immediately afterwards, without a violation of consistency and propriety. This part of the business, we are sorry to say, Mr. Pocock has not conducted with his accustomed judgment. The conclusion of his piece is “lame and impotent” in the extreme. The *Protector* is made to say and to do what he certainly, under no circumstances whatever, would either have said or done; and after being not only bullied, but actually frightened, by every one of the company assembled, sneaks off the stage, praising the loyalty of those who had defeated his intentions, and wishing most devoutly that he had himself such valuable friends. The matter indeed stands thus:—there are two tolerable situations in the original, and these are rather effective in the representation: the remainder is conversation, not action; and the whole is consequently far from entertaining. To those who have read the novel, it is tedious; and to those who have not read it, we should conceive it to be scarcely intelligible. As far as the performers are concerned, there is, in the greater number of them, little to wish for. C. Kemble played the young and thoughtless King. In the scene of the disguise, he gave the Scotch dialect, and assumed the clownish deportment of the Page with some humour; and when he revealed himself to Markham Everard, he was, as he always is in such parts, dignified and graceful. Mrs. Chatterley acted *Alice*; but by no means well. Jones was exceedingly lively and spirited in *Wildrake*; but the character is far from prepossessing. It could not, however, have been intrusted to better hands. Warde is the *Cromwell*, and, looking at his figure, his voice, and his usual style of speaking and acting, we should have thought that he would have played it well; but this is not the case. He wants confidence and power for it. The character, it is true, even in the novel, is made rather more chicken-hearted than we have been used to; and this “softness,” if we may so call it, which has been added to by the dramatist, is rendered still more glaring by Mr. Warde's performance. It is, indeed, in every way inferior to any of his former assumptions, and quite unworthy of him. Tomkins and Phoebe, which are given to Blanchard and Miss Jones, have very little to do: but Farren, who enacts the aged, loyal, and devoted *Lee*, has a great weight upon his shoulders, and is entitled to the very highest meed of praise. A finer conception, or a more just and finished representation, as to person, dress, and manner of the staunch old cavalier, it is impossible to imagine: his individual

exertion would alone have saved the play. There was a decent prologue, well spoken by Cooper, and a meagre and pointless epilogue, delivered by Mrs. Chatterley. As a drama in five acts, it may possibly linger out as many nights;—as an opera, with music, and machinery, and gunpowder, it might have been more popular: but we doubt, under any circumstances, whether it would ever have been one twentieth part so well liked as *Guy Rannering* or *Rob Roy*.

MR. MATHEWS. We should remind such of our readers as are dilatory and procrastinating, that their last opportunities of hearing Mathews this season, will be to-night and Monday.

POLITICS.

The accommodation of the differences between Russia and Turkey is the only news of the day.

VARIETIES.

Temporary Rudder.—The author of that entertaining work *The Naval Sketch-Book*, has, we are assured, fallen into an error in attributing the invention of the temporary rudder to the present Admiral Sir Thomas Pakenham. The late gallant Captain Edward Pakenham was the inventor of that and several other naval improvements, which reflect the greatest credit to his talents. Captain Pakenham was a man who devoted the whole powers of his capacious and enlightened mind to the duties of his profession. He perished at the age of forty, in his crazy old vessel the *Resistance*, when she was struck by lightning, in 1798, in the Straits of Banda.

Of the ignorance of the natives of India generally, the Marchioness (of Hastings) related a curious anecdote. One of her female attendants absented herself during an eclipse of the moon: on inquiring whither she had been, the woman answered that “*she had been paying the cobler, for that it was quite dark.*” Not perceiving what connexion the darkness had with the payment, her ladyship naturally required a solution of the mystery. “*Oh!*” said the simple creature, “*it is a very old story. A long while ago they borrowed nails and a piece of leather of a cobbler to nail over the moon. The cobbler never was repaid: so I have been with the rest to pay our share of the money to the priest.*”—*Swan's Journal*, &c.

Every person recollects the ludicrous passage in *The Critic*—“*Eter - - nity, he would have added, but death cut short his being and the noun at once.*” This was probably an original idea in Sheridan, as it is doubtful whether he ever read Jacques de la Taille's tragedy of *Daire* (Darius). In the fifth act, Darius, dying, begs Alexander to take care of his family—

O Alexandre, adieu! quelque part que tu sois
Ma mère et mes enfans, aye, en recommanda - -
Il ne put achever, car la mort l'en garda.

A disciple of Madam Krudener has made a notable discovery: it is, that all kings, without exception, will be d—d. His doctrine is founded on texts of Scripture. He pretends that “*all the kings of the nations.*” Isa. xiv. 9, is in the original, all the *goats* of the earth—goat *quasi* king, as is evident from Daniel, viii. 5, the he-goat being typical of a king: with these texts he combines Matthew, xxv. 33, “*and he shall set the sheep on his right hand; but the goats on his left:*” from whence, of course, the inference is clear. He excepts the title of *emperor* from the same condemnation; but says the orthography ought not to be perverted: he advises it always to be written *imperator*, which literally means conqueror, and no more.

Thus Augustus has on one of his medals twenty times *imperator*: IMP. CÆSAR. DIVI F. AVGVSTVS. IMP. XX. He seems to have studied the Bible only to find out new doctrines, or rather texts to support new doctrines. His grave discussions are sometimes enlivened by attempts at humour; thus, he says that Christ was the first inventor of a pun. “*I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter (Petros, Petros), and upon this rock (Petros, Petra), I will build my church.*” He adds, as those who *pun* are not serious, this text ought not to be taken seriously; and yet on this alone Rome builds the whole fabric of her supremacy: from whence he concludes that the church of Rome is not the church of Christ, but rank imposture.

New Machine.—In a late sitting of the French Philomathic Society, M. Payen, who had recently arrived in Paris from London, made a very interesting communication with respect to a new machine, which seems destined to remedy the inconvenience of high-pressure engines, and to be to the steam-engine what the steam-engine was to the machinery of other descriptions, which it replaced with so much public advantage. The inventor is M. Brunel, who is at present employed in constructing a tunnel under the Thames. In conjunction with him, Messrs. Ternaux and Delessert have just taken out at Paris a *brevet d'invention*. The following is a description of the new force which the pursuits of industry have thus acquired: When a celebrated chemist, some time ago, succeeded in reducing to a liquid state several gases until then considered as fixed, scientific men pointed out the advantage which might be derived from this discovery in the construction of new machines, the action of which, although as powerful as that of high-pressure steam-engines, should not be liable to the same inconveniences. It is this idea which M. Brunel has realized. In the apparatus contrived by this ingenious mechanic, the moving power is liquefied carbonic acid, at a temperature of 10 degrees, under a pressure of 30 atmospheres. This liquid gas is enclosed in two cylinders, placed at the two extremities of the apparatus, and communicating with each other. To destroy the equilibrium, it is sufficient to change the temperature of the liquid contained in one of the condensers. Now, the influence of heat on this liquefied gas is such, that, by raising it to 100 degrees, a pressure is obtained of 90 atmospheres,—an enormous pressure; which, having nothing to counterbalance it but that of the other condenser, sets the machine in motion with a force of 60 atmospheres. M. Brunel has already constructed a model; and is at present employed on a machine which will be of eight-horse power. His apparatus seems destined (as we have already observed) to replace Mr. Perkins's high-pressure engines. The latter are almost useless in practice, in consequence of the difficulty of finding metals capable of sustaining, without injury, the enormous heat that is necessary. The metal, raised to a white heat, becomes so exceedingly softened, that hitherto it has been impossible to use it for several successive hours without the production of cracks or fissures. It is true that Mr. Perkins hopes to discover a means of remedying this evil; but his efforts have not yet succeeded. The great advantage of M. Brunel's machine consists in its being unnecessary to raise the temperature of the condenser above that of boiling water, in order to produce the considerable pressure of 60 atmospheres.—*Le Globe*.

Population of Egypt.—It is computed that there are in Egypt 2,514,400 inhabitants; of

whom about 200,000 are Copts, 2,300,000 Fellahs, and 14,400 foreigners. The Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and pretty generally inhabit the towns; the Fellahs, a mixed race of Arabs, Persians, Syrians, and Egyptians, live more commonly in the villages, and devote themselves to commerce and agriculture. The number of villages in Egypt is 3,475; of which about half are in Lower Egypt. According to M. Langlès, the population of Cairo, in 1810, was 263,700. M. Mengin estimates it only at 200,000; allowing eight persons for each house; and he considers the population of Alexandria to be from 12 to 13,000.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Letters from Cockney Lands will be published very shortly.

The Revolt of the Bees, a tale in prose, is in the press. Preparing for publication, by subscription, by Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament-street, uniform with "Neale and Brayley's History of Westminster Abbey." An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Account of the City of Westminster, including Biographical Anecdotes of the most illustrious and eminent Individuals connected with the City. The work will be published in five or six parts, and will form two beautiful quarto volumes. It will contain, we understand, a complete view of the manners and customs of the Court during the interesting reigns comprised within the 16th and 17th centuries.

The second part of Mr. Baker's History of Northamptonshire, in folio, is in a great state of forwardness, and will soon be ready for publication.

Italian Literature.—Beattie's Minstrel has been translated into Italian by Mr. Mathias, and published at Naples. Mr. Mathias is well known in Italy as the translator of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, the *Lyrics of Milton*, the *Nights of Aeschylus*, &c. as well as being the author of several original compositions. M. Cheloni, of Leghorn, has lately published a specimen of a new mode of facilitating the study of languages: the result of the labour of five and twenty years. This mode consists in the formation of a kind of analytical dictionary, by means of which languages are reduced to a small number of fundamental words, classed according to the nature of the subjects they express, and to the use which is made of them in speech; to which dictionary of the most common words, others having relation to them are gradually added. Thus order and connexion are imparted to the multitude of words which at present render our dictionaries a kind of chaos, which the efforts of the most tenacious memory and the most obstinate study fail to comprehend.—The Canon Jorio, of Naples, an honorary member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and already famous for his knowledge to the literary world by his archaeological works, and to the foreigners who visit Naples by his polite attention, has recently published a very interesting analysis of the labours of many past years on the manuscripts found at Herculaneum, and of the means, more or less successful, adopted to unravel them. One of the most remarkable of the discoveries which have been recently made, is that of a manuscript by Philodemus, attributing to Theophrastus the treatise on Polity, which has to this day been ascribed to Aristotle. The *papyri* which have been translated, and which are ready to be published, contain, 1st, two treatises on Rhetoric, by Philodemus; 2dly, a work on Morals, by the same author; 3dly, two books by Epicurus on Nature, and a work by Chrysippus on Providence. The interpreters are at present busy with three treatises, by Carneades, Pollitarchus, and Epicurus; and a fourth by an unknown author.—An immense collection of Italian, German, and French dramatic compositions, which have been performed on the Italian stage, has been published at Venice. Each piece is accompanied by a critical notice.

* The Pursuits of Literature, &c. Copying this notice from a foreign journal, we may add, that we have seen a considerable portion of Spenser's Fairy Queen translated into "choice Italian" by Mr. Mathias, and printed for distribution among his literary friends.—Ed.

I Lempiere does not mention this writer (nor Carneades). There were, we believe, two of the name: one a licentious poet, the other a philosopher. We know not, therefore, what authority to attach to this assertion.

† Quirre, he of Cilicia, who among other wild doctrines maintained that dead children ought to be eaten, and that parents might properly marry their own offspring.

‡ The Epicurean and friend of Hippocides: they died as they had lived together.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fraser's Travels on the Shores of the Caspian Sea, 4to. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Good's Book of Nature, 8vo. 12. 10s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's Memoirs of Henry VIII., 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 9s. bds.—William Douglas, or the Scottish Exiles, 3 vols. 12mo. 12. 1s. bds.—Ottley's Specimens of the Early Masters, vol. I. imperial 4to. 9s. 6d. bds.—Exposition of the State of the Medical Profession, 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Miscellany of Literature, for 1826, post 8vo. 10s. bds.—

Bradfield's Waterloo, a poem, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Reynolds' Life and Times, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 8s. bds.—Rennie's Nervous Debility, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Rennie on Headache, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Rennie on Indigestion, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Supplement to Tyndall's and Tyndall's Digest of the Statutes, 4to. 12. 10s. bds.—Scholl's Sermons, in French, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Birch's Exposition of the Collects, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Lawrence's Speeches and Appendix, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Travels of Polytechny, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Life of Benjamin Franklin, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Alaush, an Arabian Tale, 8vo. 5s. sewed.—Stanley Tales, Part I. 18mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 18	From 46 to 73.	30.09 to 30.04
Friday 19	46 to 71.	29.94 to 29.90
Saturday 20	45 to 65.	29.74 to 29.90
Sunday 21	37 to 70.	29.59 to 30.03
Monday 22	42 to 73.	30.04 to 30.00
Tuesday 23	42 to 65.	30.00 to 29.90
Wednesday 24	47 to 68.	29.87 to 29.78

Wind N. and N.E.; except the 19th, when it was Southerly. Generally clear, till noon of the 23d, when it became overcast, and a little rain fell about 2 o'clock; heavy rain during the afternoon of the 24th, which has no doubt been very serviceable to vegetation.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know nothing of any new edition of Adolphus's History to bind up with Hume and Smollett.

We are sorry to decline the lines on the Fall of Missolonghi.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open From Eight o'clock in the Morning until Dark.

Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
T. C. HOPLAND, Secretary.

RIVINGTON'S CATALOGUE OF OLD BOOKS. The Public are respectfully informed that a Supplement is just published, price 2s. A few Copies remain of the Catalogue printed in 1824, in one thick vol. 8vo. price 13s. in boards.
140, Strand, near Somerset House.

Just published, price 6s. 6d.

THE PAMPHLETEER, No. LII. containing the best Political, Literary, and Scientific Pamphlets (entire) of the Day, with original Pamphlets on both sides of every question. No. LII. contains—1. Present State of the Law (original)—2. Greece and her Claims by E. Biquiers—3. Injustice and Impolicy of Arrest for Debt. Also, recommending a better Method for the Recovery of Debts and Effects in general. By H. Jemmett (original)—4. Preface to the Appendix to the First Edition of the Statistical Illustrations of the Territorial Extent and Population, Rental, Taxation, Commerce, Finance, Industry, Pauperism, Crime, &c. &c. of the British Empire—5. Vrai Systeme de l'Europe relativement à l'Amérique et à la Grèce. Par M. De Prad—6. Phenology consistent with the Doctrine of Christianity. By J. C. Tomlinson (original)—7. Bishop of Bath and Wells' Charge to his Clergy—8. Procès du Constitutionnel. Substance du Discours de M. Dupin, à l'occasion du Procès contre le Constitutionnel, en faveur de l'Accusé—9. Present State of the Law with respect to Assaults—10. Remarks on an Essay on the Extremity of the World; by a Secrétaire. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes—11. Analytical Exposition of the Erroneous Principles of the Financial Systems of Britain. By J. Powell—12. Public Utility of the Court of Chancery (original)—13. Christian Charity: a Sermon, preached at Appleby Analyzes. By the Rev. C. Bird—14. Mr. Hume's Resolutions on the State of the Nation, May 4, 1826.
Sold by Sherwood and Co. London; and all other Booksellers in Town and Country: where also all the back Numbers may be had.

DR. FAITHORN is removed to Cheltenham. His work, price 9s. on Derangements of the Liver and Biliary System, and the various, extensive, and often complicated Disorders of the Digestive Internal Organs, and Nervous System, originating from these Sources, and other important Points essential to Health, with Cases, is sold as usual, by Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

THE PANORAMIC MISCELLANY; OR, MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND REVIEW OF LITERATURE, Science, Arts, Inventions, and Occurrences, (edited by J. THELWALL, Esq., late Editor of the *Old Series* of the Monthly Magazine, and maintaining, on a very extended scale, the original principles and purposes of that once popular Periodical), will henceforth be published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, by whom Orders and Advertisements are received, and to whom or to the Editor, No. 1, Dorset Place, Pall Mall East, communications (post-paid) should be addressed.

No. V., to be published on the 31st of May, price 3s. 6d. will contain (besides a great variety of Literary, Scientific, Anecdotal, and Miscellaneous Articles, customary Reports, &c.) Original Communications from Learned Societies and Institutions—Correspondence, Foreign and Domestic—Illustrations of Italian Literature, &c.—and an Examination of Mr. Jacob's Report to the House of Commons, on the State of Foreign Corn Markets, and Corn Growers, and the probable Effects of free Importation on the Mercantile and Agricultural Interests of this Country.

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